

Is Diefenbaker
running
a one-man
government?

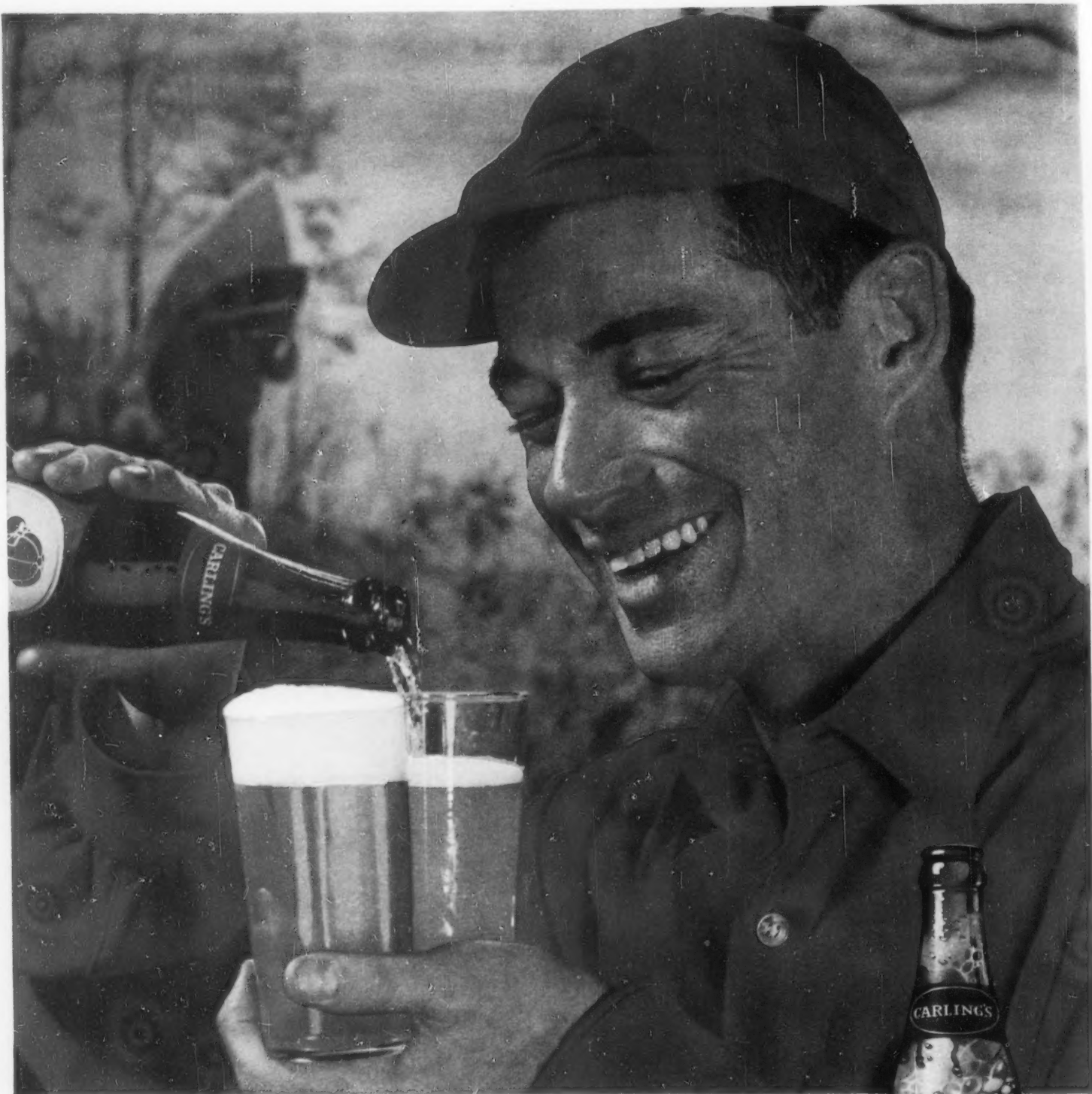
COVER BY WILLIAM WINTER

A family spends a holiday weekend in Ottawa
LLOYD PERCIVAL'S FORMULA TO BEAT MIDDLE AGE

MACLEAN'S

MARCH 14 1959 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





The Best Brews in the World come from Carling's

♪ **snappa cappa Red Cap** ♪

**"the true Canadian ale"
with full-bodied flavour
CARLING'S RED CAP ALE**



MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Costa Rica seeks to lure away prairie pioneers
- ✓ Flash sterilizing will keep milk fresh a month



CINDY

RISEING HOLLYWOOD STAR with a double-barreled career is 21-year-old Toronto writer-actress Cindy (Eileen Cynthia) Conroy. Mickey Rooney's next picture, *The Mud Slinger*, will be based on a short story she wrote. Now she's acting with Bob Hope in *Alias Jesse James*. Dublin-born Cindy came to Canada nine years ago, didn't try the CBC because she heard it was too tough to crack. United Artists spotted her when she was Canada's entry in the Miss Universe Pageant. "I only act to eat," she told Maclean's. Next project: a novel on beauty contests.

THE LAND OF PIONEERS is being raided for settlers with a yen to pioneer. Prairie farmers are being deluged with pamphlets advertising the Central American republic of Costa Rica as the "New Frontier." Enticements are cheap land, government assistance for new homesteaders and choice of tropical, semi-tropical or temperate zones. Also included is a reassurance for nervous frontiersmen: Costa Rica has a stable government.

THE GROWING LEGEND OF MACKENZIE KING will be examined on television for the first time this summer in a special 60-minute program being planned for *Close-Up*. CBC staffer Doug Leiterman hopes to include filmed interviews with the former prime minister's London spiritualist as well as the Chicago nurse he courted in 1897.



CAPLAN AND PROTEGE

LE THEATRE DU NOUVEAU MONDE in Montreal will raise theatrical eyebrows this month when it breaks tradition by borrowing CBC director Rupert Caplan to produce Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. But the TNM had no choice; O'Neill's widow, who owns the rights on the prize-spangled play, insisted that Caplan control its Canadian premiere. Reason: Caplan's three-hour radio tribute to the playwright, produced first on CBC, repeated in the U. S., was credited with sparking an O'Neill revival. "I owe this to you," Mrs. O'Neill wrote Caplan.

MILK THAT STAYS FRESH FOR A MONTH without refrigeration should soon be on the market. A flash-sterilizing process that's claimed not to affect taste has been developed by a Dutch-born dairy specialist named Albert Liebrechts working for an Oshawa, Ont., dairy. The milk will be delivered in polyethylene-coated bags. With fewer home deliveries, distribution costs (now about a third of retail prices) should drop.

COMING SCRAMBLE FOR PRIVATE TV PLUMS

WITHIN THE next year, half a dozen of Canada's richest broadcasting plums—TV licenses in cities monopolized till now by the CBC—will be up for grabs. Who'll get them?

"A license is a privilege," Andrew Stewart, chairman of the Board of Broadcast Governors, told Maclean's. Though he wouldn't set down definite criteria for that privilege, Stewart said the Board will be looking for:

- ✓ **Financial stability.** Applicants must be prepared to drop at least a million dollars in initial losses; in large cities equipment alone could cost that much.
- ✓ **Level of past performance.** The BBG will consider records of applicants in other fields, e.g. publishing, theatre.
- ✓ **Reputation.** Letters of support from community leaders will be "a help."
- ✓ **Blueprints for future programs.** Dur-

ing the Board's first hearing on radio licenses, Stewart noted programming promises made by applicants, said they'd be measured carefully against performance. He'll do the same for TV: "They'll be kept under close scrutiny."

No applications for monopolized cities will be considered until the cabinet rescinds the order-in-council granting the CBC exclusive rights. But many entrepreneurs are eager to apply. These names now lead the lists:

VANCOUVER: Metropolitan Tele-



← CHAIRMAN STEWART: He'll weigh the pleas.

LAUNCH SEAWAY'S PLAYGROUNDS

IN ALL THE hullabaloo about the power and industrial potentials of the St. Lawrence Seaway, the most intimate aspect, as far as the average Canadian is concerned, has largely been overlooked: the new waterway as a tourist playground. The main attractions:

- ✓ The artificially formed Lake St. Lawrence, 25 miles long and four wide, between Iroquois and Cornwall, with 18 new islands, nine of them connected by scenic Long Sault Parkway.
- ✓ Cryslar Memorial Park, 2,000 acres with picnic areas, working model of a lock and canal, rides in a reconstructed 18th-century bateau and restaurant.
- ✓ An 1812-14 war memorial atop a 55-ft. earth mound with a war museum at its base commemorating the battle of Cryslar's Farm.
- ✓ Upper Canada Village: reconstructed United Empire houses, barns and taverns, furnished with 4,000 "historical interest" pieces salvaged from local homes before the Seaway flood.
- ✓ Nine other parks and man-made beaches with boat docks at Morrison Island and Farran's Point.
- ✓ The 172-acre St. Lawrence Islands National Park—13 island and mainland

areas downstream from Kingston with docks and campsites.

These and other pleasures will initially be sampled by the crew of the first pleasure boat down the new Seaway—a canoe. On May 1, almost two months before the Queen officially opens the waterway, Dean Walker, a young New Zealand writer, now living in Toronto and Tom Briggs, a Kitchener, Ont., reporter, will paddle the 172 miles from Kingston, Ont., to Lachine, Que.

Toll for the six-lock trip will be around \$2.00.

The small-boat armada that follows the two young adventurers will be able to make triangular expeditions from Montreal to Ottawa up the Ottawa River, then back to Kingston, through the Rideau Canal system. "But cruising along the new Seaway among those big commercial vessels," warns Royal Canadian Yacht Club president Ray Engholm, "will mean that the pleasure-boat owner will have to know his navigation better and act like the master of a ship."



BRIGGS AND WALKER: They'll lead armada.

NEW LOOK FOR MEN'S FASHIONS



THE CONTINENTAL

WITH THE furor over women's styles dying—chemise and trapeze are out; the empire's definitely in—look for a controversy about men's clothing.

Centre of the argument will be the "continental" look, pioneered by Italian designers. Here's how you can spot it:

- ✓ **Tight-fitting jackets** will be shorter (29½ to 30¼ inches) with little padding in the shoulders. Sleeves will be tapered and have small cuffs. Breast pockets are out. Side pockets will be slanted. Some coats will have one or two side vents. Two buttons. Brightly colored Roaring Twenties-style cotton blazers will be pushed for younger men.
- ✓ **Cuffless trousers** will be slim and

tight; pockets cut on a slant. Pleats are optional.

- ✓ **Shirts:** little change for business. Look for more knitted sport shirts with wide "boat" necklines.
- ✓ **Sweaters:** lots of bright cardigans, with big brass buttons.
- ✓ **Shoes** will be light in weight and color with sharply tapered toes.
- ✓ **Accessories:** Cuff links and tie bars big and chunky. Pearls will be prominent in jewelry. Italian-style ties are already selling well.
- ✓ **Hats** will be more informal—look for soft derbies and the "demi-homburg." Tapered crowns, narrow brims. One model has a side bow with a pearl stickpin.

The men's wear business, which hasn't made a strong surge since the draped look of 1950, expects a big jump this year. Demand for continental styles now exceeds the supply. Up to 75 percent of wholesale orders now are for continental fashions. "And," says Toronto Eaton's executive C. G. Mather, "the fashion won't really hit its peak till fall."—HERB WOOD

agent, are also strong candidates. Other leading contenders: Jack Kent Cooke's **CKEY**; Stan Simpson, manager of the Masonic Temple dance hall; financier **E. P. Taylor**; former Toronto announcer **Joel Aldred**; **Famous Players Theatres** and **Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co.** **OTTAWA:** Radio stations **CFRA** and **CKOY** are in the race.

MONTREAL: The board will probably grant two licenses and all five private radio stations are interested. English-language **CFCF**, the country's oldest, has been applying since 1938. **CKAC** is considered best bet for a French license, though **CKVL** (bilingual) is already plugging itself as the coming French TV outlet.

HALIFAX: **CJCH** already has properties for studio and transmitter. The **Maritime Broadcasting Co.** (**CHNS**, tied up with the Halifax Herald and Mail-Star) is a probable contender, as are **Franklin and Herschorn Theatres**.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH BLAIR FRASER

How dead is the spoils system in the civil service?



ALMOST BURIED NOW in a pile of other work, but not yet quite forgotten or abandoned, is a task laid at parliament's door just as the session began—revision of the Civil Service Act, which has been practically untouched since 1918. Everyone says the act should be made more "flexible," but the word means different things to different people. Some want to make it easier for civil servants to operate their departments. Others want to make it easier for politicians to get jobs for deserving henchmen. Both can't have their way, so the project will be interesting to watch.

The revision itself is long overdue. When the present law was passed the civil service had about forty thousand people, mostly clerks. Now it has four times that many, with skills ranging from nuclear physics to animal husbandry. The Conservatives in opposition used to call for a "Hoover Commission" type of enquiry, to take a hard look at the public service and make it more efficient. One of Prime Minister Diefenbaker's first acts after he took office was to ask the Civil Service Commission under its new chairman, A. D. P. Heenev, to make a thorough study and report. The report was finished just before Heenev was reappointed ambassador to Washington. Its central recommendation is that the Civil Service Act be not merely amended, but completely rewritten.

General applause greeted the Heenev Report when it was published in mid-January, but nothing has yet been done about implementing it. Normal procedure would be to have a cabinet committee study the report and decide on the general outline of a new statute, then have the justice department rough out a draft bill, then submit the draft to a committee of parliament. So far as can be learned, the cabinet up to now has been too busy to take the first step. Anyway, the law officers in the justice department will be too busy to take the second step for at least another month. There is still hope, though, that a new bill may be drafted and perhaps a parliamentary committee start work on it before the 1959 session ends.

As analyzed by the Heenev Report the problem appears quite straightforward—simply to go on from the achievement of 1918, and adapt it to the needs of today:

"Forty years ago, the need was for a civil service free from what Sir Robert Borden called 'the malign influence of patronage' . . . free from nepotism, the coddling of incompetent favorites, the granting of promotions

for a consideration, and other internal abuses . . . (The present act achieved all this, but) it has become evident that a monolithic merit system is not in itself enough."

One result of the "monolithic merit system" is that the Civil Service Commission, and the financial watchdogs of the Treasury Board, supervise things that are really none of their business. Department heads cannot even reorganize their staffs without first getting the approval of one or both of these authorities. Often it takes months to effect simple common-sense changes.

Also, it's very difficult to fire a civil servant. It is not, as some people think, impossible—about thirteen hundred civil servants were fired in 1957, not counting a large number of forced resignations. By the letter of the law any of them can be dismissed without cause and without notice. In fact, of course, this never happens. Dismissal requires an order-in-council from the cabinet. No decent man likes to throw another man out of a job, unless he really has to; in the civil service he doesn't often have to, except for flagrant cause. It takes a lot of trouble, and earns little thanks, to get rid of a man for no other reason than that he isn't much good.

To change this, the Heenev Report recommends more direct authority and more direct responsibility for department heads. Let each be responsible for the maintenance of proper discipline and efficiency in his department. Let each be able to recommend dismissals to the Civil Service Commission,

which could thereupon act—instead of requiring a cabinet order as at present. All these suggestions take it for granted that the "merit system"—recruitment and promotion by competitive examination, not by the favor of politicians—would remain unimpaired.

The optimism may turn out to be justified. The government's record on patronage, or the lack of it, has been good. Particularly Howard Green in public works, William Hamilton in the post office, George Hees in transport have held out against the spoils system in departments traditionally vulnerable to that sort of thing.

But this stand has not been taken without much effort and heart-burning. Back-benchers find it harder than ministers do to see the evil of patronage, and ward heelers find it hardest of all. They now feel as the Israelites might have felt if, after Jericho's walls fell down, they'd been told to leave the Canaanites undisturbed in the milk-and-honey trade.

The Tories have been so long in the wilderness, and had such special problems during their last two intervals of power, that you have to go all the way back to 1896 to find a fair parallel among the Grits. Times were different then. Dr. O. D. Skelton, in his biography of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, quotes the following letter from a Quebec supporter, after the Great Victory:

"If anyone had told me when I was fighting the battles of Liberalism in my county, striving without fear of attack or hope of favor to advance the cause

of the people, determined that no designing cleric and no corrupt politician would be allowed to shackle our noble country—if anyone had told me that six months after you took office I would still be without a job, I would not have believed him."

Briefer and more poignant was the wail of a suppliant from eastern Ontario: "To think that after naming my only son William Lyon Mackenzie, I am still denied any post by a government that calls itself Liberal."

These sentiments may be old-fashioned but they are by no means extinct. Leaving Grit incumbents in jobs is bad enough; Tory workers find it particularly exasperating when a vacancy does occur, and they learn that the worthy local Conservative doesn't necessarily get the job.

This situation crops up oftenest in provinces like Nova Scotia, where a Liberal provincial government has recently been turfed out. Generally speaking, provincial governments pay less attention to the "merit system" than the federal government does, and nowhere (except Quebec) is this so true as in the Atlantic provinces. There, a change of government still means a considerable upheaval in the public service, and a lot of people suddenly looking for jobs.

Shortly after the 1957 election, a local postmaster's berth fell vacant in Nova Scotia. It was only a small post office, but it was actually visible to the naked eye from the upstairs windows of George Nowlan, Nova Scotia's cabinet minister. The postmaster had been ill for some time, and decided to retire. His assistant, who had carried on as acting postmaster during the illness, naturally expected to get the job.

It happened, by pure coincidence, that the acting postmaster was married to the daughter of a leading local Conservative. When he learned that he would have to write an examination to get the promotion, nobody in the village thought much about it—a matter of form, they assumed.

The examination was held. The winner turned out to be not the Conservative acting postmaster, but the president of the local Liberal association!

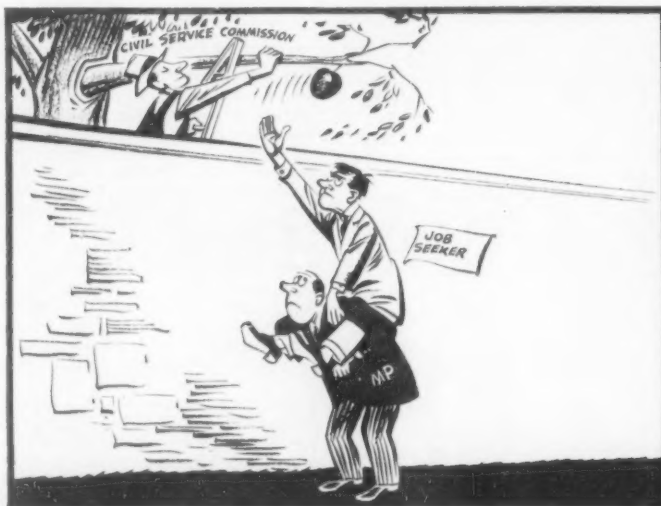
*Then by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright.*

If this sort of outrage was to be allowed, what was the use of winning elections? Feeling ran high. Remonstrances were made to the Civil Service Commission, without effect—in the eyes of that august body, examinations were everything and political connections nothing. One man had passed and the other had flunked, and that was that.

In this emergency, somebody had a brilliant idea. The ailing postmaster decided not to retire after all; he remained on sick leave, the acting postmaster continued to act, and all was as before. If, as may happen, the postmaster should finally decide to retire this year, a new examination will be held.

But even such provisionally happy endings as that have been fairly rare. New MPs are dismayed to find their orders to deputy ministers and other civil servants ignored, and their favorites given no better chance than anyone else to get a government job. Some of them are very peevisish about this.

Whether they will be able to bring their resentment to bear upon the new Civil Service Act remains to be seen. The chances are that they will try, anyway. ★



BACKSTAGE WITH THE CBC STRIKE

How gentlemen's dispute turned into labor feud with national significance

IF TELEVISION'S top writers and performers had set out to produce a spectacular depicting the conflicting aims, passions and tensions within Canada's framework of labor, politics, race and language, they could scarcely have hoped to top the extravaganza that opened on December 29 as a modest strike by seventy-four Montreal TV producers.

George Nowlan, the CBC's parliamentary spokesman, told the nation the producers' dispute was "one of the most unnecessary episodes in Canadian labor history." But in a matter of weeks it threatened to become one of the most far-reaching, as these repercussions arose:

► Strike leaders predicted the outcome would be a labor break-through into the executive ranks of Canadian business—the unionization of management personnel.

► Quebec Conservative MPs applied pressure for an autonomous French-language CBC network.

► Quebec unions considered withdrawing from national and international affiliations, inspired by Montreal locals which joined the producers in defiance of their parent organizations.

► Major advertisers began having second thoughts about the value of sponsoring live CBC French programs in view of the audience's eager acceptance of French films as strike replacements.

The strike's supporters insisted that their dispute actually amounted to a social revolution, that in the huge corporation even management men must organize themselves into unions, or be bullied. "The captains and mates of ships have unions," Jean Duceppe, president of l'Union des Artistes, told Maclean's. "So why not TV producers?"

As a political issue, the strike revealed an open split in the Diefenbaker cabinet. Revenue Minister Nowlan called the strike illegal; Solicitor-General Leon Balcer insisted it was legal; Labor Minister Michael Starr refused to intervene; the Liberals, proclaimed Lionel Chevrier, would have intervened if they'd been in power. But the PCs denied the strike had weakened them in newly won Quebec. Nowlan said his private mail was ninety percent in favor of the government's hands-off policy.

The strike was the culmination of the producers' resentment over working conditions. Pay was not an issue. The producers start at \$5,000 a year, average \$7,500; top men make \$12,000.

Their complaint was that the CBC had deprived them of "creative freedom." While producers were responsible for production, they claimed that the financing of stage sets and casting was too closely controlled by higher-ups. The producers elected Fernand Quirion as the head of their association and affiliated with Jean Marchand's Canadian & Catholic Federation of Labor. André Ouimet, the Montreal chief of CBC, told them their management functions were incompatible with collective bargaining rights. At 5 p.m. on December 29 the producers walked out.

When seven CBC unions voted to honor the producers' picket line, the corporation's brass arrived from Ottawa and CBC President Alphonse Ouimet, André's brother and boss, cut short his Florida vacation.

The first fortnight is now remembered as "the gentlemen's strike." The picketers had puns on their placards, folk songs on their lips and the support of French-Canadian TV's most glamorous stars.

Sixty-six favorites like Ginette Letondal, René Levesque and Jean Gascon published a letter endorsing the strike. Almost the entire Plouffe Family spent a night on the picket lines; so did Cecile Dionne Langlois, the quintuplet married to a CBC technician. Picketers arrived in sports cars and sipped cognacs at the fashionable Au 400 Club between shifts. Actors raised strike funds with a benefit revue, which was so successful it toured the province, and was put on a \$4.20 LP record.

The reaction of Quebecers to the strike itself was curiously mixed. Few appeared to understand or get excited about the issues. On the other hand, the presence of such stars as Gratien Gélinas and Denise Pelletier on the picket lines made the strike Quebec's most spectacular news story of the decade. "You people from the rest of Canada," said a Montreal reporter, "don't realize that for us, it is just as if Perry Como, Ed Sullivan and Lucille Ball were walking in picket lines on Jarvis Street before the CBC's Toronto headquarters."

Montreal's English TV network stayed on schedule with little difficulty, since most of its programs originate in Toronto. The French network was manned by a skeleton staff of supervisors and administrators who camped in the building on 25 beds plus seven mattresses. One supervisor, in a five-



JEAN DUCEPPE JEAN MARCHAND GEORGE NOWLAN NEIL LEROY
LIONEL CHEVRIER FERNAND QUIRION ALPHONSE OUIMET ANDRE OUIMET

In forward line of the complex CBC clash: all the players wore different colors.

hour period, wrote and went on the air himself with two radio shows and three telecasts including a 45-minute sports review. In between they filled in with films. Sometimes this emergency supply faltered. One union delivery man, who found Montreal's sub-zero cold had driven the pickets off the line, rounded them up at strike headquarters and drove them back to the CBC so he'd have a line to refuse to cross.

The films shown during the strike included some of France's best. Their added attraction was that, as federal government presentations, they didn't have to pass the provincial censor. Among these was the spicy *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, banned from Montreal theatres for the past two years. To the embarrassment of the CBC, the strikers and the advertising agencies, viewer polls showed only a 4% audience drop from the former live entertainment. Only the lack of hockey games and wrestling caused persistent complaints.

"Sponsors are going to do some serious rethinking of TV budgets," moaned an account executive of MacLaren Advertising Company. "They're going to say, 'Why should I spring for an expensive live show when the reaction's so good to films.'"

Then suddenly, in mid-January, violence flared. There was a rash of stink- and paint-bombs. Working CBC employees and their families were threatened in anonymous phone calls. The CBC started kicking in \$5,000 a day for private detectives to guard employees' homes the clock around. Three people nevertheless got beaten up. One was the wife of a CBC technician. Another was Neil LeRoy, president of the Canadian Council of Authors and Artists, which

had suspended its affiliated Montreal performers' and writers' unions.

What caused the change of mood?

The CBC had launched a get-tough policy, had spent an estimated \$3,200 sending personal wires to all 74 producers saying they'd broken their contracts and were therefore out of work. Wires also went to all strike-supporting employees with a return-to-work-or-lose-your-jobs ultimatum. Around the same time a spokesman said the CBC was "prepared to start from scratch if necessary to rebuild the French network."

Parent unions of the Montreal locals involved in the strike, with upcoming union contracts to be negotiated, ordered their locals to respect their contracts and return to work.

The Montreal locals reacted with varying degrees of obedience or defiance. The musicians worked, as they had from the start; most office employees and staff announcers went back; French-speaking newsroom employees stayed out; English-speaking members returned. Performers, authors and stagehands stayed out in defiance of their parent unions.

On February 6 the producers and CBC reached a basis for settlement—a professional association without union affiliation, as their Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver colleagues have had for years. Wrangling continued, though, over details—particularly back pay for 74 strikers and the 1,200 union members who supported them. Many believe this strike of high-paid impresarios will have long-lived, bitter aftermaths that go deeper into our national life than even such long-remembered Quebec labor feuds as Asbestos and Murdochville.

Background

ZHIVAGO'S FORTUNE

By buying 22,000 copies of Doctor Zhivago, Canadians so far have sent \$15,000 in royalties to the fast-growing Swiss bank account of best-selling Russian author Boris Pasternak. Royalties from Canada go through the publisher's (Wm. Collins) Glasgow office to the Italian holders of world rights. The Italians bank the funds in Switzerland. Zhivago's English-language publishers

don't expect the Soviet government ever to allow Pasternak to collect his money. If he or his heirs fail to claim it, the account will end up in Swiss government coffers.

OFFICE SURFEIT?

The chronic shortage of office space in Canada's largest cities is being replaced by such a surplus that real estate operators are worried about filling buildings already under construction. In Montreal alone, 2½ million sq. ft. of new office space will be available by 1962. Some of the new buildings on lower University

Avenue in Toronto are 90% empty. The reason for the surfeit, according to the businessmen concerned, is that some of the structures were conceived more as investment for idle European capital than to meet existing needs.

CANINE RESEMBLANCE?

Dogs that look like their masters—including those on our cover—may not have acquired human characteristics after all. British doctor Guy Daynes (MRCS, LRCP, DCH) says it's the other way round: people tend to look like their dogs. "A dog's

character can't really be influenced," Daynes maintains. "People who dote on a person or animal eventually assume his—or its—traits."

DRIVING HAZARD

Parents who argue that giving Junior a car of his own will hamper his school work have some new ammunition: a four-year survey in Idaho high schools. It found no A-average student drove a car to school; 15 percent of the Bs did; so did 41 percent of the Cs and 71 percent of the Ds. Of students who failed or quit, 83 percent drove cars.

Editorial

Let's not let inflation blind us to unemployment

Reading the speeches of financiers and economists about inflation has made us feel uncomfortable — not in the way the financiers and economists intended, but in the opposite way. We've developed a strong urge to shout rude questions at them.

They all talk as if inflation were the only threat to Canada, the only problem the government has to solve. If this were true, the remedy would be fairly simple — not easy, but simple. Cutting expenditures, raising taxes, letting interest rates go up are all harsh things, but if the only problem is to keep our currency hard, these are the things to do.

The trouble is, we have other problems as well. At least five hundred thousand Canadians — perhaps far more — are without jobs and seeking work. Some have been jobless so long that their unemployment insurance has run out; some, like the fishermen of Newfoundland, have been hit by a famine of nature. All are in real distress.

What will anti-inflation measures do to these people? "Cutting expenditure" sounds good, but in practice government expenditure means government employment. Higher taxes and higher interest rates mean less industrial activity, and fewer jobs.

We recommend that the financiers dip into Arthur M. Schlesinger's book, *The Age of Roosevelt*, and remind themselves of what financiers were saying in the Great Depression.

Said Richard Whitney, the president of the New York Stock Exchange who later went to prison for careless use of other people's money: "The fact that we have let nature take its course (this was in January 1931) may augur well for the ultimate prosperity of this country." Said Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank: "So long as we live under a system of individual liberty, we are bound to have fluctuations in business." Walter S. Gifford, president of American Telephone and Telegraph who headed President Hoover's Organization on Unemployment Relief, told a Senate committee that he did not know how many people were idle, or how many on relief, or what they were getting or what they needed, and moreover that he did not think these matters important. He felt more strongly about another point: "There is grave danger in taking the determination of these things into the federal government."

Two years later, just before Roosevelt took over, a Senate committee heard again the same sort of thing from the same sort of man: "The thing of primary importance is to balance the federal budget . . . Balance the budget through drastic reduction in the cost of government." We heard the echoes in Canada and paid a good deal of heed to them.

Today the situation is different — certainly not so desperate, perhaps not so simple. Nobody has a formula for dealing with inflation and unemployment at one and the same time. A number of business leaders seem to think inflation the graver threat of the two; perhaps they are right. But no cure is any good that tries to make inflation better by making unemployment worse, and treats a sound dollar as if it were more important than a sound man.

Mailbag

- ✓ Who's hoodwinked: Moon or the millions?
- ✓ "Shocking" tactics of the revenue inspectors
- ✓ "Deport McKenzie Porter to a British pub!"

To sit idly by without challenging the major issue, "How are nearly 6 million customers a year being hoodwinked?" raised by Miss Moon in her article, *Can you Loaf your Way to a Better Future?* (Jan. 31), would be mute assertion that we were in complete agreement with her rash conclusions. We take particular offense to the allegation that the public is being hoodwinked at all by Stauffer. During the past twenty years of specializing in the reducing industry, we have been under the close scrutiny of countless millions of people and because we have successfully assisted over six million, it is not presumptuous to say emphatically that we have a method that works. It is our feeling that somehow Miss Moon herself, rather than the public, has been "hoodwinked" by experts in other fields who have passed negative judgment on the Stauffer method without the proper evidence to support their opinions.—ROBERT APPELBY, OWNER AND GENERAL MANAGER, STAUFFER SYSTEM SALONS, TORONTO.

✓ Congratulations . . . this may help the public to realize the danger associated with the use of these jiggling and vibrating machines.—DR. GEORGE W. SIDDERS, HANEY, B.C.

Taxes and tattletales

I was shocked to read about the latest tactics of the Department of National Revenue (Preview, Feb. 14). These police-state methods are despicable . . . Great Britain is very heavily taxed, but even though tax evasion is a national sport, the rules of the game would



never tolerate tax inspectors stooping so low as to give credence to anonymous letters.—CHRISTINE WILSON, MONTREAL.

Getting the boss's job

In *How to get your Boss's Job* (Feb. 14) you attribute to me a quote I gave writer Peter Newman which was from *Fortune* magazine. He asked me about executives' wives, and I said that *Fortune* had suggested that the ambitious young man should (a) marry a socially superior woman and (b) shun intellectual women because they intimidate the wives of executives. I did not endorse this point of view because I do not believe it.—J. K. THOMAS, TORONTO.

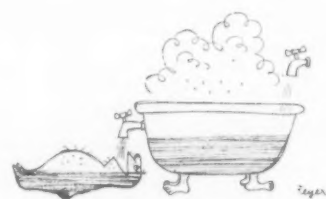
Baxter debate (cont.)

In his London Letter for January 17 Beverley Baxter himself unconsciously supplies the best comment on Beverley Baxter I've come across yet. He disinters, advertises and expatiates on the personal disaster and humiliation of a

friend for the length of a paid article—and then concludes: "We walked by the place where our colleague had met tragedy, disgrace and ruin, but we did not speak of it. There are moments of tragedy so deep they can only be expressed in silence."—ERNEST BUCKLER, BRIDGETOWN, N.S.

That fiery Porter cocktail

The Drinkers — Our Underprivileged Majority, by McKenzie Porter (Feb. 14), was very interesting. I have been drinking in Canada for 30 years—as against Porter's 11—and I can assure him that drinking in a good bootlegger's



was far superior to 99.99% of the present licensed premises.—ALAN N. MUNRO, WOODBRIDGE, ONT.

✓ I would suggest that the important McKenzie Porter be deported to "ye olde English inn," the Valhalla of his dreams.—I. S. REEDS, VICTORIA, B.C.

✓ The stupidity of our liquor laws is, as writer Porter reports, the first thing that hits strangers to our shores, but I feel we are all underestimating the licensing commissions. If we look at the \$58 million profit made by the commission in the last fiscal year, the vast revenue brought in by petty legislation, and the fact that our whisky is sold at something like 200 percent over the price at which it leaves Bonnie Scotland, the monopoly reasoning of the commissions becomes more apparent.—GLO MCNEILL, DUNDAS, ONT.

✓ From what I have heard of English pubs past and present, Porter's description of them seems to me like some nostalgic day-dreaming.—MRS. E. R. NICKERSON, HALIFAX.

✓ Just because McKenzie Porter and a small group of drinkers can drink without it becoming an obsession is no reason why a traffic and an appetite which is beyond the will power of so many to resist should be tolerated.—A. SOMERVILLE, MILDEN, SASK.

✓ Please enroll me as a member of Porter's Canadian Society for the Advancement of the Salubrious Public House.—J. T. MCLEOD, TORONTO.

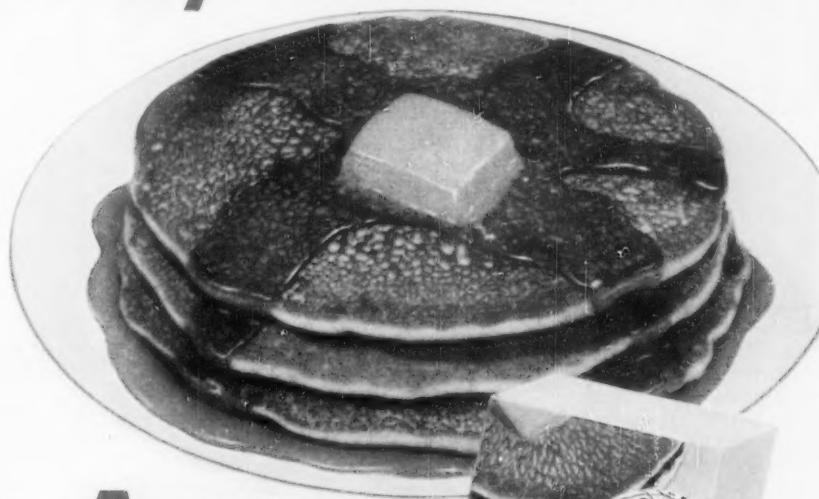
✓ I would like to frame the article and make every Canadian — that unhappy breed so lacking in humor — read it.—CLARENCE GOODE, VICTORIA, B.C.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 71



Wake up, Mom!
Dad's fixin'
Sunday "BRUNCH"

Lucky, lucky Mom!
 It's Sunday morning
 and Dad's making
 "Brunch" for the whole
 family! Stacks of temp-
 ting, tender Aunt
 Jemima Pancakes...
 hot from the griddle
 and glistening with
 butter and syrup.
 Mmmmmmm. What a
 way to start the day!



*Shake up a batch
 this weekend!*

1. Put 1 cup milk, 1 egg
 and 1 tablespoon liquid
 shortening in shaker.
2. Add 1 cup AUNT JEMIMA
 PANCAKE MIX.
3. Now the fun!
 Shake vigorously ten times.
4. Pour batter onto griddle.
 Perfect pancakes
 every time!

**Aunt
 Jemima**
 PANCAKES



FOR SUNDAY "BRUNCH" SERVE AUNT JEMIMAS—REGULAR, BUCKWHEAT OR BUTTERMILK.



Why every family should have a family doctor...

EVERY family should select and become acquainted with a doctor before illness strikes. Yet, many families wait until sickness or emergency requires a hasty decision about the doctor they will call.

A family doctor, usually a general practitioner or an internist, can care for about 85 percent of the illnesses your family is likely to have. Further, if you should need specialized care, you can depend on the family doctor to arrange it.

Perhaps the best way to select your doctor is through your local medical society or community hospital. They will give you the names of several physicians—and you may choose one of them with assurance that you will be in good hands.

Then, call the doctor and see him for a friendly talk—about fees, night calls, the hospitals he's associated with, and whatever else is on your mind.

Then ask yourself these questions: did you like him... feel at ease with him... would you trust him during critical situations which illness often creates? These questions are important. For mutual friendship and understanding are essential to a warm doctor-patient relationship.

What are the advantages of having a reg-

ular doctor? For one thing, he will get to know you and your family intimately—your "medical history," your response to drugs, your normal blood pressure, your emotional reaction to illness, and other facts which may be helpful whether your trouble is minor or serious.

He can also give you the benefits of preventive medicine. For example, if you have young children, he will want to see them at intervals to check their growth—and to keep their protection against communicable diseases up to date.

For others in your family, he can be a health counselor. For instance, if you're bothered at times by seemingly trivial complaints—indigestion, headache, nervousness, or fatigue—you might hesitate to go to a doctor whom you do not know. But with a family doctor, you'd feel free to talk over any condition that upsets you now and then.

Select and become acquainted with a doctor now. Keep his name, address, telephone number and office hours posted in a spot known to everyone in your family. His continuing supervision can help your children grow up strong and well—and help you live a long and healthy life.

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THE COVER

Everyone's known for years that dogs and masters are often look-alikes; and artist **William Winter's** Borzoi, Peke, Sheep- and Bulldogs and their owners offer proof positive. But for a brand-new idea on this relationship, see the Background column on page three.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MARCH 14, 1959



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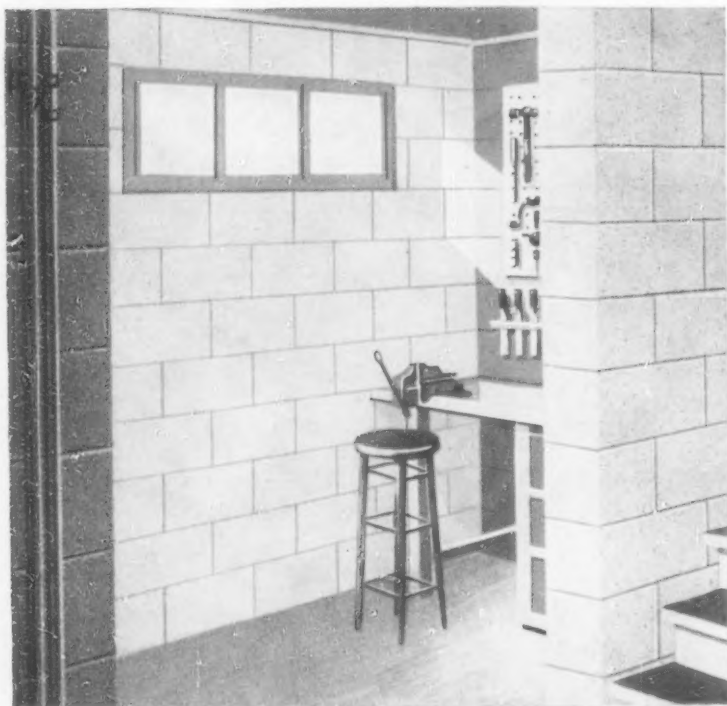
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For the sake of argument



R. M. FOWLER MAINTAINS

Our anti-combines laws do more harm than good

The businessman has been a major factor in Canada's development from a predominantly rural to a predominantly urban country with a high living standard. Yet he is confronted with laws that discriminate against him in principle and practice, impose restrictions on him that do not apply to farmers, trade unionists, doctors, lawyers, teachers, civil servants and most other groups, and that, in my opinion, are as outdated as the fifteen-mile-an-hour speed limit for automobiles that once prevailed on the highways.

Old rules for new times

These laws are the Combines Investigation Act and the similar provisions in the Criminal Code. I contend that the time has come to examine them, discuss them with good humor and without prejudice, and bring them into line with current conditions. When these laws began nearly seventy years ago Canada was a very different place. Labor unions were new and small, co-operative marketing still lay in the future, only one Canadian in eight lived in a town of more than five thousand, only one worker in seven was employed in manufacturing, the role of the government was a minimum one, and welfare expenditures and interference with the business cycle were considered improper tampering.

While I hold that the present anti-combines statutes are anachronistic and apply to one section of the population a theory that has ceased to be generally applicable to Canadian economic life, if a layman were to read them they would not seem too bad. One of them says, in effect, that if a business group gets together by agreement to enhance the price of a commodity unreasonably or to limit competition unduly, a criminal offense is committed. The important words are "unreasonably" and "unduly." The later statute (under which all investigations start, but under which for some unexplainable reason prosecutions are almost never

taken) is even more specific. It says that an industrial agreement that operates to the detriment of the public is a bad thing and can be attacked in the criminal courts. I doubt if anyone could seriously quarrel with the apparent meaning of these words. If the public is harmed, the people who harm it should be punished; if people are unreasonable in their business actions they should be curbed.

But, after exposure to legal logic and ingenuity, this is not the way it has turned out at all. The highest court in the land has said that harm to the public—something that you can prove and show clearly—has nothing to do with the case. The only detriment that can or need be shown is a strange exotic asset which most Canadians scarcely knew they had and would not be greatly concerned if they lost. Someone long ago in 1776 wrote a book and said that competition was a fine thing. The way it worked was to have in business life a great many sellers and buyers; they were to haggle together in a market place and prices would be settled which would produce just the right amount of goods for the buyers and just enough to keep in business the producers needed for that amount of goods. Now, it might turn out that someone worked for a producer who was just below the line of what production was needed—his job would have to go. He might, or might not, get another job, but this did not matter.

Do we apply jungle laws?

At the time the book was written, life was hard and precarious, the law of the jungle was the only law, and the most polite and convenient way to describe it was to say that free, untrammelled competition was the right of everyone.

This is exactly what the Canadian courts have done in interpreting the Combines Act. One judge of the Supreme Court of Canada said in a recent case that if he had been starting afresh to interpret the statute he **continued on page 60**

PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PULP AND PAPER ASSOCIATION, R. M. FOWLER WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON BROADCASTING.

WHY ARE THE ANDERSONS SUCH AN OUTSTANDING FAMILY?

You probably know a family like the Andersons—perhaps you are one of them.

Without any of the advantages of money, college, or unusual talents, the Andersons are known, liked, and respected throughout the community.

Mr. Anderson was even picked for the school board even though his formal education was not great. Mrs. Anderson is known for her clever ideas when the PTA puts on its big bazaar. The children aren't brilliant—but they are alert, good students busy with a dozen different hobbies. One has even rigged up a laboratory in the basement and won the science award at the high school last year. But busy as the Andersons are—they always seem to have time for each other. You just have to set foot in their house to know it is a happy house.

It was Mr. Anderson's very lack of formal education that is largely responsible for their home atmosphere. Since he was never in a position to take education for granted, he determined that he was going to do what he could to give his family the priceless gift of knowledge. It was then he decided to buy a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—and he has never regretted the decision. The whole Anderson family has caught the habit of "looking it up in Britannica"—a habit that will have a lifelong effect on their success and happiness.

If you, like Mr. Anderson, want to give your family every educational opportunity, it will pay you to glance through the plan described below that will allow you to have a set of the world-famous Encyclopaedia Britannica in your home easily and inexpensively.



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LONDON LETTER BY BEVERLEY BAXTER



After twenty-five years, moving is a sad event.

**The Baxters leave an old,
well-loved home**

The fog is so thick that from my writing room at the top of our house in St. John's Wood the gaunt, leafless branches of the giant pear tree in the garden seem to be reaching out like an amorous skeleton. Yet I am glad that all is dank and grey and barren because in a few days we shall say good-by to it all for ever and for ever.

In short we have sold the house which has been our home for a quarter of a century, and in a fortnight's time we shall have moved into a flat in the pleasant region of Holland Park just beyond Kensington.

To the normal unimaginative male this transference of the Baxter family and the Baxter furniture would involve nothing more than a mere van or lorry making half a dozen trips and all is settled. But actually there has been nothing so planned and complicated since the landing of the British troops in Normandy.

The clipper's eclipse

With the supreme sense of logic that women possess my wife informed me that a flat on one floor is not as large as a house with three floors and a basement. Did I agree? Yes, I agreed. Therefore, said my wife, we must get rid of a lot of things. But what? "Well, for one thing," she said, "we cannot have that clipper picture in the flat. At any rate I always hated it because it looks like an advertisement for some brand of cigarette."

Vainly I recalled how, many years ago, when walking down the Strand in a grisly, misty morning I saw this painting in an art dealer's shop. There was the ship with all its sails straining in the wind

on a journey that would never end. Look at those waves breaking into foam as the bow of the great clipper hurled its way forward! Look at the majestic loneliness of the sea!

"I'm sorry, darling." That was the death sentence. As far as the Baxter household was concerned the endless voyage had come to an end.

However, there was neither grief nor argument when she pointed the finger of scorn at a painting of the Epsom Downs. "Give it to your bookmaker," she said. On the other hand she agreed that we could keep the portrait of Disraeli which I bought from my constituency headquarters because it was on the wall when I defeated Duncan Sandys for the parliamentary nomination of Southgate exactly twenty-five years ago.

On that occasion a hostile member of the association asked me if it were true that despite my name I was a Jew. Somewhat startled, I saw the portrait of the great Dizzy just above the man's head. It gave me an idea.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that like the great Tory leader Benjamin Disraeli I am a Jew? I would be proud to be a Jew but you must accept or reject me as a mere Gentile like the rest of you." It was probably that incident that won the nomination against Duncan Sandys because it was only by a majority of four votes that I was adopted in a gathering of the full association.

"All right, darling," said my wife. "You can have Disraeli." Which proves that even women are not without sentiment.

But then there emerged a major crisis. What about the Bechstein concert grand in the drawing room which has **continued on page 58**

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After seven years round-the-clock work by the British scientists, engineers and operatives who comprise Pilkington Brothers' research and development team, FLOAT glass has been brought into commercial production, and an epoch-making step forward has been taken in the technique of manufacturing flat glass. It was over 20 years ago that Pilkington Brothers, after a century of glass making, revolutionised the manufacture of polished plate glass by inventing the Twin Grinder, which is now used all over the world, including the U.S.A. The Twin process took 20 years to develop, but it was not the last word, for science never stands still. Now, in 1959, FLOAT glass, based on an entirely new conception of glass manufacture, marks another revolution, and a new bid to maintain Britain's lead in the industry.

WHAT IS FLOAT GLASS?

FLOAT is a high-quality flat glass, with both surfaces perfectly true to give the clear, undistorted vision which is the feature of polished plate glass manufactured by the Twin Grinder process. FLOAT is made by a continuous ribbon of glass flowing from a furnace into molten metal, where it floats at a controlled temperature. As the surfaces of FLOAT glass have not been in contact when soft with anything except a liquid, they have a brilliant fire-finish and are perfectly true, without any grinding.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FLOAT

The FLOAT process is continuous from furnace to finished product, and it makes possible full mechanisation from the handling of raw materials to packing the glass for dispatch. The plant needed for FLOAT occupies a far smaller area than the Twin Grinder. It cuts down power and maintenance needs, and there is much less wastage through breakage and surface damage.

RESEARCH CONTINUES

Development work is now going on to translate all these technological advantages into practical economies, which, in turn, will eventually mean high-quality glass at a lower price for the home and for shop-fronts, for railway coaches and motor-cars, for all kinds of building and for all kinds of transport.

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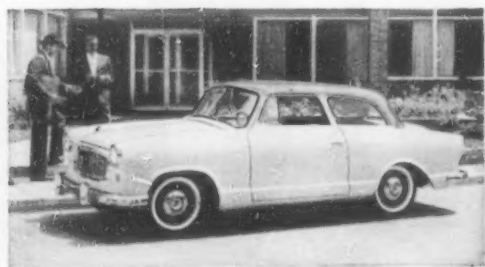


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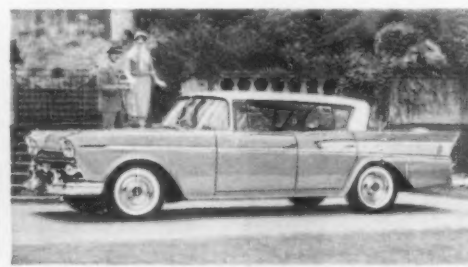
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IS DIEFENBAKER RUNNING A ONE-MAN GOVERNMENT?



Ever since he swept the limping Tories back to power, the PM has been labeled an absolute boss who makes all decisions himself and never asks or takes advice from his cabinet. Is the charge true or false? Maclean's Ottawa editor examines both sides of Ottawa's most fascinating question

BY BLAIR FRASER

A few commonplace remarks about the present government of Canada are almost equally current among its friends and its foes. One of these political clichés, repeated by Liberals as an indictment and by some Conservatives as a boast, goes like this:

"John Diefenbaker runs a one-man government. No matter what it is you want, the PM is the man to see. Talking to anyone else is a waste of time."

They can cite incidents to bear out this impression. There was the time Sidney Smith was cut off in mid-sentence, just after being sworn in as minister of external affairs, when he indicated he agreed with L. B. Pearson on Suez; the prime minister took over the press conference and explained what the new minister really meant. There was the time Smith told the house there would be no debate on the NORAD agreement; the prime minister told the **continued on next page**

← Two minutes after Diefenbaker was named Tory leader at '56 convention, opponents Fleming and Fulton were in his shadow.



Is Diefenbaker running a one-man government? continued

house there would be a debate, and there was the time Alvin Hamilton, minister of northern affairs, made his "goof" about Canadian officials being refused entry to the DEWline; it was the prime minister who said, next day, that the U. S. State Department's denial was correct.

There was also the prime minister's trip around the world, when the word went abroad that "the real decisions" were still being made by the prime minister by long-distance telephone. According to those in a position to know, this is a wild exaggeration—they say the cabinet did make very important decisions, and that the prime minister was no more than kept informed. But the story has been widely believed, and it forms part of the "one-man government" concept.

Other Conservatives take a darker view of this rapidly growing legend. They say it's not only an untruth but a deliberate one, a piece of lying Liberal propaganda.

"I know a lot of Tories are saying it too, but that's because they don't know any better," said a Conservative MP. "The Grits are spreading this story; they remember how effective it was against R. B. Bennett in the thirties."

In Bennett's case the legend was true. He *did* run a one-man government. He made the major policy decisions. He was his own minister of finance, as well as his own minister of external affairs. He interfered continually in other departments, even to the point of telephoning quite junior officials to give them orders or to scold them for derelictions real or fancied. Good ministers will not put up with this sort of treatment, and most of its able members left the Bennett cabinet before its five-year term was up, to be replaced by mediocre yes-men.

Even hostile observers in Ottawa do not contend, seriously, that the Diefenbaker cabinet is run on the Bennett model. The prime minister exercises more personal authority than did his predecessor Louis St. Laurent, but the St. Laurent method was the opposite extreme. Liberals now admit that their prime minister, especially in his later years in office, did not assert himself enough.

Like Mackenzie King (an exemplar he admires and often quotes) Prime Minister Diefenbaker strikes a course somewhere in between. To the officials who have been around Ottawa long enough to watch three cabinets at work, and still more to the few whose memories go back to the days of Bennett, the contrasts and the parallels make a fascinating study.

The most visible characteristic of the Diefenbaker regime is one that seems to belie the "one-man government" tag. This cabinet meets oftener, and for longer, than any other in human memory. When I asked one deputy minister how many meetings the cabinet had held, he answered, "Just one. It started on June 22, 1957, and it's still going on—with occasional brief adjournments."

By actual count the meetings have increased about fifty percent. The Liberals held ninety in the calendar year 1956. The Conservatives held a hundred and thirty in 1958, even though they spent two months of that year campaigning for re-election.

There are several reasons why they meet so often and talk so long. One is simply inexperience. The Liberals after twenty-two years had reduced the business of government to a routine—too much so for their own good, as it turned out—and had relatively little to discuss with one another. Not so the new boys of 1957.

On that memorable June morning, after the swearing-in was over at Rideau Hall, cabinet secretary Robert Bryce bade the new ministers *au revoir* and told them there would be a cabinet meeting that afternoon. George Nowlan, the minister of national revenue, was only half joking when he said, "Will there be someone to show us where to go?"

Of course each man had his own officials to advise him, but it was small wonder that the new ministers at the outset were a bit suspicious of these civil servants they'd inherited from the hated Liberals. Some got over their suspicions at once, and decided to trust their advisers completely—the outstanding example is George Hees in transport. One or two still look upon their own departments with a wary and hostile eye; it is no coincidence that these are the worst-run departments in the government.

It was natural, though, that men in these circumstances should want to consult each other a great deal. The new ministers did and—partly from force of habit—they still do.

"Sometimes you don't realize that an apparently simple thing may have a political kick-back," one minister explained. "I took an action of that sort one time, without telling anyone, and my colleagues have never let me forget it. You can bet that another time I'll make sure they're all parties to the decision."

This habit of lengthy consultation isn't solely a Diefenbaker custom. When the prime minister was away on his seven-week world tour last autumn the cabinet continued to meet as often and as long as usual. During this period it had to take one of the hardest decisions of its career, the choice between a freight-rate increase and a railway strike.

True, the prime minister talked on the tele-

"Over this odd combination of devoted friends and defeated foes, the prime minister stands as a towering figure"

phone almost every day with Howard Green, the deputy and acting prime minister. Green is one of the most modest men in public life, and he insists that the prime minister was fully consulted and made a party to every major act during the tour. However, as one official noted, "When one man is in Ottawa and the other's in Kuala Lumpur, and both are a little hard of hearing, it's doubtful how much gets through in a telephone conversation."

It's obvious too, from the fact that cabinet meetings drag on for hours and hours, that the prime minister doesn't impose his own decisions on his colleagues. Some of them wish he would.

"He has a lot more patience than I would have," said one, perhaps a bit ruefully. "Time after time I've expected him to say, 'Well gentlemen, we seem to have reached an impasse and I'm going to resolve it; here's what we're going to do.' But he never says it. Sometimes he'll put the whole thing off until the next day, so as to make a fresh start. Oftener he lets us talk it out, for two or three more hours if necessary, to make sure that everybody is persuaded."

Conservative ministers proudly insist that they, unlike the Liberals, have no inner circle in which all the real decisions are made. Everyone is equal in the present cabinet, they say, and that's one reason why they talk so long—"we all get into the act, every time." In one case an Ontario minister talked at great length about a project in British Columbia being carried out by the minister from Saskatchewan. It had nothing to do with the Ontario man's department, or his region, or anything else he represents—he just happened to have a personal interest in it. **continued on page 64**



MARK DROUIN

The senate speaker has more power than any Quebec minister.



DONALD FLEMING

Even the minister of finance is frequently overruled.



DAVIE FULTON

A '56 opponent, he's now the Pm's likeliest young successor.



GEORGE HEES

An early supporter, now he runs most efficient department.



HOWARD GREEN

The deputy PM has lots of prestige. But how much power?



GEORGE PEARKES

Among the happy few on whom the PM relies especially.



ALVIN HAMILTON

The PM's speech spanked him for his DEWline "goof."



GORDON CHURCHILL

With George Hees, he steered the Diefenbaker bandwagon in '56.



GEORGE NOWLAN

He wondered who would show the new cabinet where to go.



SIDNEY SMITH

Diefenbaker shushed him at his first press conference.



LEON BALCER

Once violently anti-Diefenbaker, he's now solicitor-general.



ALLISTER GROSART

The PM's stage manager may be his most important counselor.

MY DAD

Tom Kelley Senior, a veteran huckster at 28, pushed his cure-alls with his 20 Lady Minstrels.



A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

WAS KING OF THE MEDICINE MEN

Buxom lady minstrels, wrestling bears, high-wire artists

and the Battle of Waterloo—Doc Kelley's Medicine Show had them all. And small-town crowds queued

to see them and to gulp the cure-alls that made him a fortune

By Thomas P. Kelley



Tom Kelley Junior, at 5, sang "The hat me dear old father wore." He ran the show after his father died.

When, on the morning of July 31, 1931, at the age of 66, Thomas P. Kelley Sr. died of a heart attack in the Mansion House at Uxbridge, Ontario, it marked the passing of the Medicine Show era—a field in which he excelled and one that had brought entertainment to millions. For "Doc" Kelley had long been the acknowledged "King of the Med Men." With his troupe of eight to ten performers—the late Marie Dressler had been one of them—he had traveled throughout the United States and Canada for nearly forty-five years. But by 1931 he had seen the handwriting on the wall and told me:

"The days of the medicine show are over, Tommy. Progress has doomed it—paved roads, fast cars and radios have crucified the med game. There just is no such thing as a simon-pure, dyed-in-the-wool rube anymore. They've smartened up."

And then he said: "Well, the med game was good to me; it made me close to a million, took me to a lot of places and I was able to give work to performers for over forty years."

This article will bring memories to thousands of oldsters in towns and villages throughout the Dominion who once heard my father extol the wonderful merits of the "Banyan," the "Sham-

rock Healing Oil," and his "East India Tiger Fat"—not to mention his special, five-dollars-a-box compound, for "listless, tired and run-down people," that was "made from the glands of young Angora goats."

Grandparents of today will remember the brilliantly lit open-air platform in the local fairgrounds. They will hear again the twanging of banjos, the tapping feet and songs of blackface comedians. And some will remember the tall handsome man in the cream-colored Stetson who convincingly warned of various ailments and concluded his sometimes hour-long lectures with the words:

"My agents will now pass among you in the audience, selling the Banyan, and don't wait till you are flat on your back before you buy it. It's a mighty poor time to lock the stable after the horse is gone. So in time of peace prepare for war; the more intelligent you are the more you will appreciate my Banyan, and it doesn't cost you any more than a common cheap bottle of ordinary blood medicine; it's one dollar a bottle. There are the agents and we are ready for the sale!"

The price of his New Oriental Discovery was two dollars a box while **continued on page 42**

ILLUSTRATED BY ED McNALLY



SHAMROCK LINIMENT THE GREAT PAIN MEDICINE

Pain may occur in any part of the body. "That which will cure it
this medicine will apply to once and you will find it will apply to

RHEUMATISM is a disease that few people are ever so likely
to contract. The trouble comes from the joints and nerves, or rheumatism
from one place to another as its rising progresses. Here it will
be the hip joint, and then it will go on constantly eating away
the body.

This medicine is particularly recommended for Rheumatism. It
is rubbed only the joints and aches parts.

NEURALGIA is, strictly speaking, a disease of the nervous system
is characterized by sharp, burning pains in the joints, which are
usually confined to some particular part of the body, the pain being
in the face, ear, eye, or along the course of a nerve. This medicine will
be very effective in these conditions. It should be applied constantly
to the affected part.

TOOTHACHE Vary the medicine on the gum toward the
tooth and inside the side of the tongue, it will relieve the
toothache.

HEADACHE Pain in the Head, Etc. For the extraordinary
the patient should apply the medicine to the forehead and back of
the neck or from the back of the head to the temples.

SORE THROAT To get to bed with the throat sore, it
is necessary to use a piece of flannel saturated with it, placed over
the throat and secured with a piece of tape. It will relieve the
throat in a few days or less.

LUMBAGO Hundreds of persons have been cured of
this pain. The pain should be rubbed with this medicine over a large
area to produce a burning sensation.

SPLAINS A splain is an injury resulting from the use of a
hammer or other tool. Immediately back the pain is rubbed
with the medicine and a blistering agent is applied to the
splain.

BURNS In case of a burn this medicine gives relief. Rub
the pain with the medicine and apply a piece of flannel saturated
with the medicine and other persons (sometimes) they are so
wounded that they are greatly helped with this medicine.

BURNS AND SCALDS In the case of a burn, rub a piece
of cloth in the medicine and apply it over the burnt surface. It
will relieve the pain and should be applied with covered and
open.

SORES AND STINGS Apply the medicine to the sore, and
wash with it and keep it covered with a piece of flannel. It
will relieve the pain.

DIARRHOEA AND CHOLERA Take a few drops of it
and it will relieve the pain.

BANYAN

YAN
HERB
IND

At 65, after bearing 20 children, "Grannie" Labine is reeve of a flourishing Ontario township. This doesn't country eaters, dig ditches and run a farm. They call her

The woman who can do anything



With reeve-like dignity, Malvina Labine strides through her bailiwick near Sudbury. Her election ousted the former principal of a school where she'd once been janitor.



For her houseful of hearty young eaters, Mme. Labine buys bread 400 loaves at a time and stores it in her freezer.

By Dorothy Sangster

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHRLICH

December 2, 1958, found the nickel-mining city of Sudbury, in northern Ontario, in the paralyzing grip of a strike. Christmas was coming but nobody had any money. Almost eight thousand miners had been idle for more than two months and settlement seemed as far off as ever. In desperation, a motorcade of a hundred and fifty cars was heading for Toronto, where union spokesmen would discuss the critical situation with Premier Leslie Frost.

Yet the most eye-catching item on page one of the Sudbury Star that day had nothing to do with the strike. It was a large picture of a sixty-five-year-old French-Canadian grandmother named Malvina Labine, who had just been elected reeve of adjacent Rayside Township.

"Widow Scores Upset," the caption said, and there she sat, looking as if there was nothing odd in a grey-haired farm woman with only grade-school education defeating

the forty-one-year-old incumbent reeve, who had once been principal of the school where she had worked as janitor.

If Malvina Labine was not overly surprised by her victory, neither was anybody else up her way, where she is often referred to as The Woman Who Can Do Anything. Since her husband died eighteen years ago, she has looked after sixteen children, successfully run a farm and market garden, kept a dairy herd, dug ditches, built two houses, taken an active role in church affairs, cared for a dozen foster children, and cooked sit-down dinners for as many as six hundred people at a time. Last November, when she announced her intention to run for reeve, her admirers figured she was as good as in.

One morning not long after her election victory, I taxied eight miles out of Sudbury to interview Madame Labine in Azilda, the hamlet where she lives. Her house was the square brick one on a raised foundation, right next to the Catholic church. The door was opened by the new reeve herself, who greeted me in English (a language she'd learned in childhood from her English-speaking cousins) and suggested I make myself comfortable on the chesterfield while

surprise her constituents, who've watched her build houses, cook for 600

Township affairs are conducted by telephone, while 15-year-old foster daughter Gloria waits by Grannie's rocker.



From a parlor chair, she dispenses love, justice, first aid. Ron, youngest foster child, has a cut lip.

she lowered herself into a rocking chair and reached for her knitting.

"Everybody calls me Grannie," she said. In a corner of the big living room a little boy with soft brown eyes, too young to go to school, was playing with some tin soldiers. This was the youngest of the eight foster children (some sent to her privately, some by the Children's Aid Society) currently being boarded in the Labine household. In the adjoining kitchen, Madame's unmarried daughter Germaine was busy at the stove, for the other children would soon be home for lunch.

As I took in the scrubbed kitchen floor and the blue oilcloth on the table, Grannie Labine gave me the first clue to her character: She is a plain woman and likes plain things.

"The more you have, the more you have to look after," is her philosophy.

She told me, "Back in 1913 I bought myself a nice muskrat coat for sixty-nine dollars and getting out of the buggy at Mass one Sunday I tripped and fell in the mud. I guess it served me right for my vanity. Now I'm not so vain about my appearance. I don't envy anybody their fancy clothes

and twenty-dollar hats. I have a neck like a turkey and I weigh two hundred and twenty pounds. I could live for quite a while on my fat, so if I have a few cents it's better if I give them to the poor."

According to what I'd already heard, that is exactly what she does. If anyone's sick, Grannie Labine's in there helping; if anybody needs something, she brings it. When the miner who rented a farmhouse she owns went on strike and couldn't pay his rent, she told him to forget it until he was working again. As the strike persisted and townsfolk began to suffer, she quietly despatched cases of canned goods, children's shoes, strained baby food.

One of her daughters had told me, "Mother never buys anything for herself." But Madame Labine scoffed: "Nonsense! Just last summer I paid a hundred and sixty dollars for some stainless-steel pots for my banquets! You know I make banquets? From Palm Sunday to October I catered for sixteen affairs. The one on Palm Sunday was a sit-down dinner for six hundred people in aid of the church in Chelmsford. I bought fourteen turkeys and ninety pounds of ham for that one, **continued on page 54**



Family affairs are conducted after a hearty lunch. "Growing children must eat well," says Mme. Labine.

The new reeve is never too busy for a moment's play.





JILL

JUNE

JENNY

BARNEY

TRENT

A Maclean's LEISURE IN CANADA feature

Holiday weekend

in



RUBBERNECKING at Parliament Hill from Nepean Point, the Fraynes (see photo strip above) were entranced by the unheralded beauty of Canada's capital city.

STARING at a Mountie on guard at the Parliament Buildings, even gamin Jenny failed to ruffle his much-photographed, unblinking visage.



in Ottawa

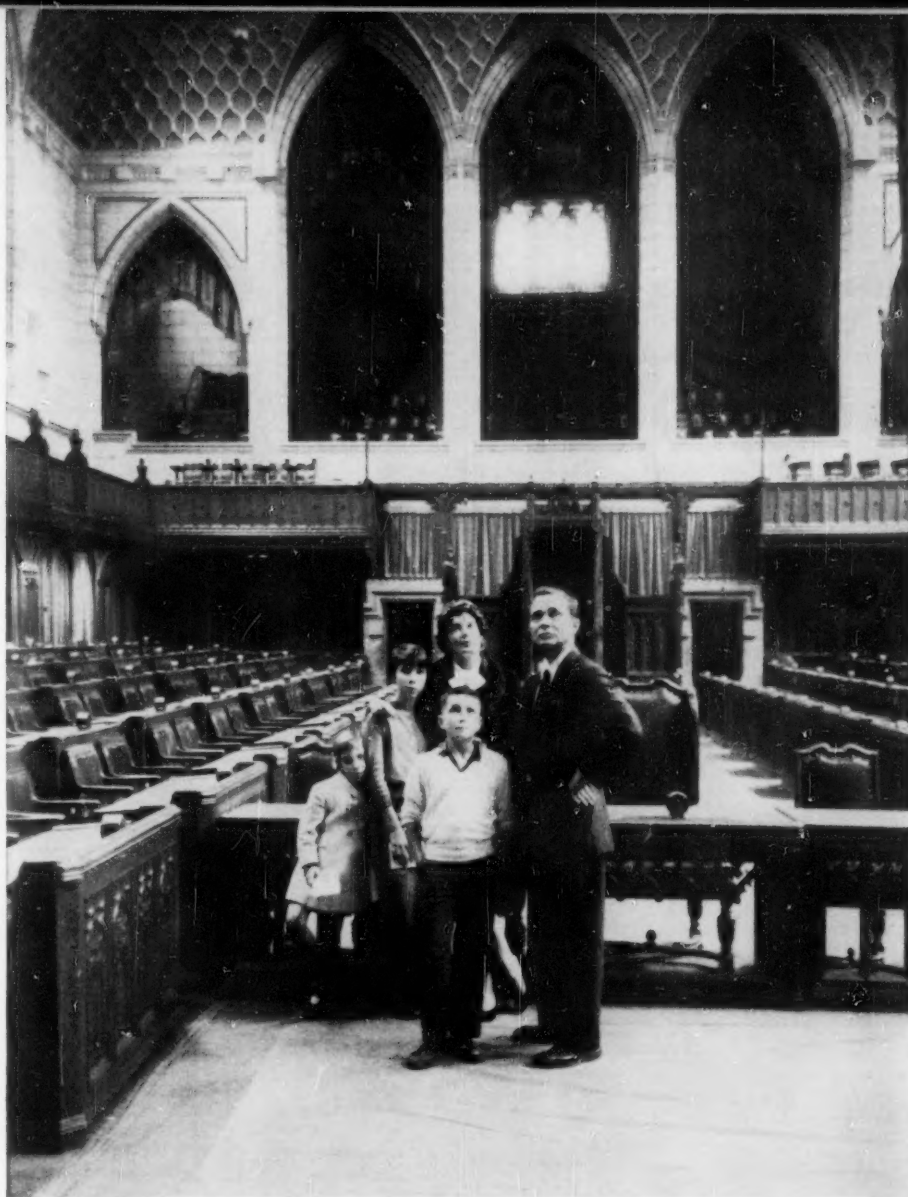
Through the eyes
of their three eager children,
this Toronto couple
got a fresh look at our nation's
capital: the grandeur
and tradition of parliament and
a lively approach to the arts—
with unblinking Mounties and a
postcard beauty everywhere

By June Callwood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX DELLOW

The Peace Tower leaned above us, tall and quiet and grey in the dull rain that fell thinly from a heavy sky. Our ten-year-old son Barney was staring at the Mounties in red tunics who were standing at ease by the main entrance of the Parliament Buildings, his face, like theirs, remote and blank. Jill, 13, had turned with her back to us, looking along the length of green lawn to the distant war memorial, brooding in the rain. Jennifer, 7, was hopping rhythmically from one foot to the other, humming to herself. We watched a gaggle of tourists enter the main doorways, under the inscription "The wholesome sea is at her gates, her gates both east and west." "Come on, come on," said Barney impatiently, still studying the Mounties. "Let's go in." We nudged Jill from her reverie, took Jennifer's gritty hand and followed Barney, who was walking backward so he could inspect the Mounties from the rear.

We had come to Ottawa for the weekend to show the nation's capital to our three children. We had hoped, as have thousands of other Canadian parents who have made the same pilgrimage, that our children would discover in Ottawa a sense of pride to counteract the nobility of Davy Crockett's death on the Alamo, a sense of importance to offset the Sputniks and a sense of history to replace the notion they seem to have formed that Canada is only a word that



PAUSING in the Commons chamber, they thought of Churchill. Moments later, a guide ordered them on.

someone thought up about ten years ago.

During our two days in the city we had ample cause to wonder if the flattening of adult arches was justified. We forgot, as we always do, that children sit poker-faced on merry-go-rounds, and at symphony concerts gloomily plead their programs and fan themselves. We hadn't really expected one of them to murmur starry-eyed, "Just think! This is the heart and soul of our great nation!" but we had anticipated at least a tiny twanging of their heartstrings.

Instead, Barney demonstrated that he had been expecting too much of Ottawa. He had pictured it as unvaryingly splendid, like the illustrations in his textbooks, and wreathed in perpetual tulips. A look of utter horror spread over his face the first time we were caught in a traffic jam. "This is just like Toronto," he announced furiously, "only worse!"

Jill is such a realist that she doesn't hold in her breath when she takes her waist measurement so she didn't object to Ottawa's human failings. But she didn't appear much impressed with its triumphs either, complaining darkly about being hurried and jostled through the Parliament Buildings and refusing to take portraits of the Fathers of Confederation seriously.

Jennifer's impressions cannot be considered at all. She has a curious, and often alarming, faculty of enjoying *everything* continued over page



STRIKING imitative poses beneath the Archambault "Bird" at City Hall, the girls spoofed abstract art.

Holiday weekend in Ottawa: continued

Amid the trappings of government, they found a stern museum of war, dazzling collections of art, a model experimental farm and Chinese food fit for kings



PEERING down a rocket-launcher in the War Museum, Jenny drew grins from her family.



PROWLING the Public Archives, Jenny is intrigued by a marble maiden.

and Ottawa was no exception. She was tireless in her fascinated examination of monuments, scenery and Parliament Buildings but what she appeared to be most delighted by were some fat worms on the rain-soaked sidewalk, a grasshopper she caught at Rideau Park, a branch of sumac plucked near the Mint, a swamp frog found in the Gatineau hills, a puddle on which an oil rainbow floated, and the bones in the Museum. It's a collection of wonders not likely to cheer even the city fathers.

We left Ottawa not entirely certain we hadn't set back our children's patriotic instincts several years but we have been discovering ever since how complicated is a child's awareness. For instance, Barney's grade-six class recently dealt with Champlain and Barney recalled the magnificent statue of the explorer—head thrown back, bronze cape flowing in the wind, looking proudly toward Parliament Hill. He described the wide, log-rimmed river that Champlain called River of the Algonquins more than three hundred years ago and related with relish the strategy of the ambush near Chaudière Falls where the Iroquois used to hide during the bloodiest of all Canadian Indian fighting and butcher the river-born Hurons and Algonquins.

Jill's high-school form studied the United States and Canadian systems of government, the latter rendered more vivid for her because she had sat at one of the government front benches in the Commons, rubbed her hand over the glossy wood and felt the somberness of responsibility.

Toward Christmas we bought a black vase, a copy of a 500 BC Etruscan bowl in the Metropolitan Museum. I was explaining its origin to the children when Jill commented idly, "It looks like the slate bowls that West Coast Indians used to make." At my surprised expression, she explained, "You remember, in the National Museum in Ottawa."

So it had been worthwhile after all. The Ottawa we saw was the tourists' Ottawa, an admission-free world of exhibits in glass cases, murky inscriptions on the base of statues and the marble corridors of the Parliament Buildings. We caught glimpses of

other Ottawas: the civil service Ottawa in the conformity that blights the general appearance of its citizens; the military Ottawa in the casual ignoring of heavily gold-braided officers who would stop traffic in any other city in Canada. We touched on the diplomats' Ottawa literally when a chauffeur opened the door of a Rolls-Royce, waiting outside the East Block for the British trade commissioner, and let Jill touch the leather and walnut paneling. We saw the politicians' Ottawa at the newsstand of the Chateau Laurier Hotel when a middle-aged man with a vaguely familiar face we associated with platform oratory bought an out-of-town newspaper and read it with a wretched expression.

We saw a beautiful Ottawa. From the top of the Peace Tower, we saw Ottawa and Hull and the distant Gatineau hills in a drowned panorama



PRANCING like a make-believe toreador.

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Jill defied

through the misty autumn rain. All was shades of grey, the low scudding clouds, the withdrawing hills, the slate rivers that were sluggish and flattened by the rain. The effect was austere and stately and much more awesome than the implausibly gaudy view on more sparkling days. When the sun shines in the summer sky, the Rideau and Ottawa rivers join in silver confusion, the purple hills move closer and the cities bask in neatness and brightness. It is lovely, but unreal as a postcard; we decided we preferred the grandeur of the rain. Anchored by their parents, the children leaned over the parapet and looked down three hundred feet of Gothic stone to the twin flames of the Mounties standing guard below.

Barney looked at the fifteen-foot-wide face of the tower clock above him and then the tiny clock under glass within the tower. He approached a guard.

"Your clock is wrong," he said gently.

"I know," replied the guard just as seriously. "It's been slow all week. But the big one is right. It's checked with the Dominion Observatory."

"I see," said Barney with dignity, grateful that he hadn't been snubbed. "Thank you."

We discovered a view of Ottawa and Hull we've never seen before, from Nepean Point, where the lofty statue of Champlain towers over a crouching Indian whose lap is worn golden from the rears of thousands of children who could not resist sitting on his knee and hugging him. Champlain looks to the proud Parliament Buildings across the mouth of the Rideau Canal. To his right, far below the high cliff, flows the ponderous Ottawa River

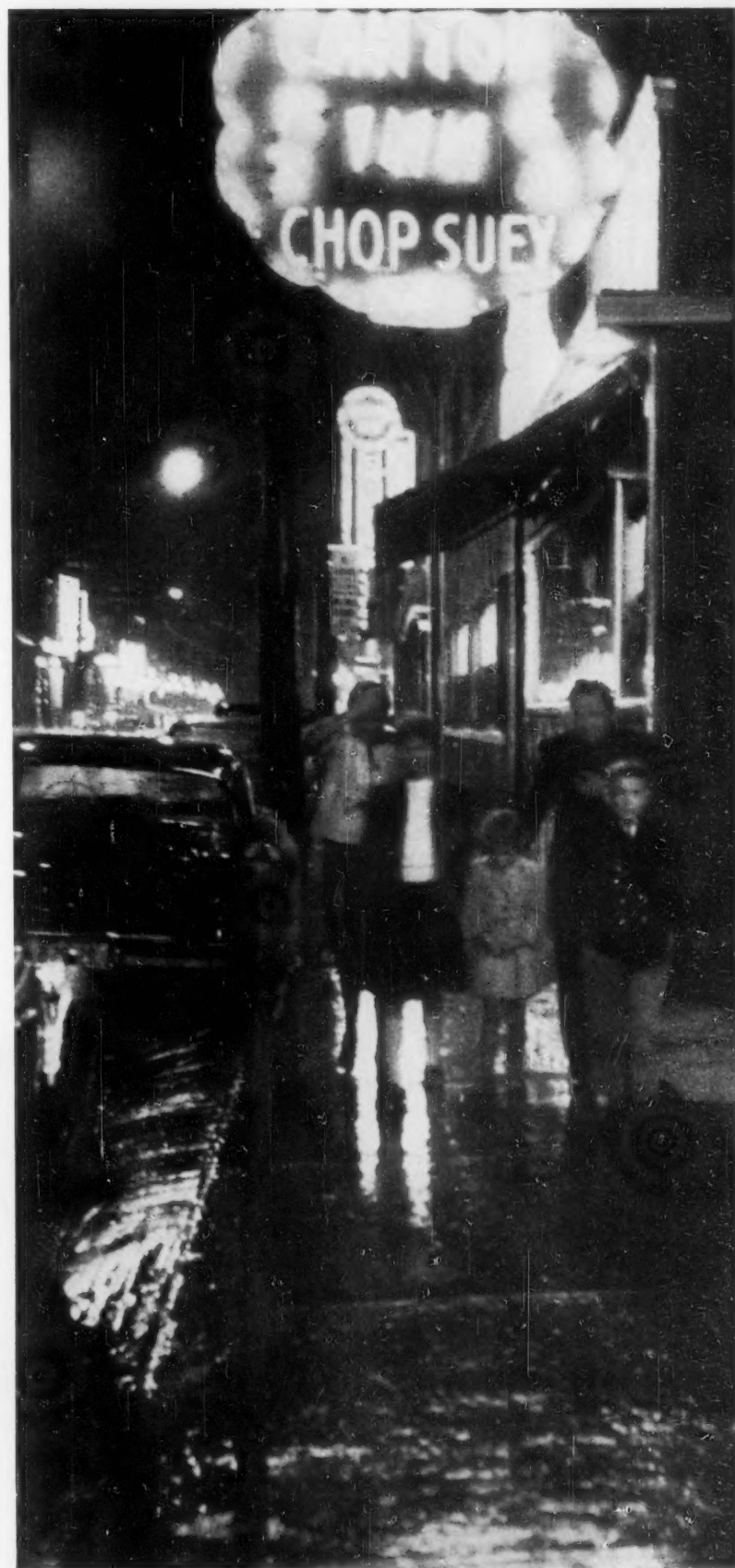
crusted on the Hull shore with arcs of peeled logs awaiting the will of the giant pulp and paper mills. Backed against the northern skyline are the graceful Gatineau hills and the southern sky rolls down to the fertile Ontario farmlands. Tiny, light bridges lash the two cities together, iron and concrete bonds like the one that contributed to Queen Victoria's decision in 1857 that Ottawa should become the nation's capital. An adviser had told her, "... it is in fact neither in Upper or Lower Canada. Literally it is in the former but a bridge alone divides it from the latter."

We had discussed Queen Victoria's choice of Ottawa with our children beforehand, explaining that border wars of the period always featured the capital being burned down so it had seemed prudent to pick a site well back from the enemy's arson-prone militia. We couldn't resist adding that although a match has never been struck in anger in Ottawa, it sometimes seems that the city burns merrily day and night. The Parliament Buildings burned down in 1916 and only the library was saved. Later it too was damaged in another fire. The City Hall burned down. The Minto Skating Rink, where Barbara Ann Scott trained her youth away to become a world champion, burned down. The Grand Opera Theatre burned down in 1913, when a production of *The Walls of Jericho* was playing. Even the Soviet embassy burned down.

We talked about Ottawa for weeks before the trip, supplying the children at dinnertime with bits of golden facts gleaned from a trip to the reference library, from our own observations of Ottawa on **continued on page 48**



Jill defied a bull at government's experimental farm while June, Jenny and Barney looked on.

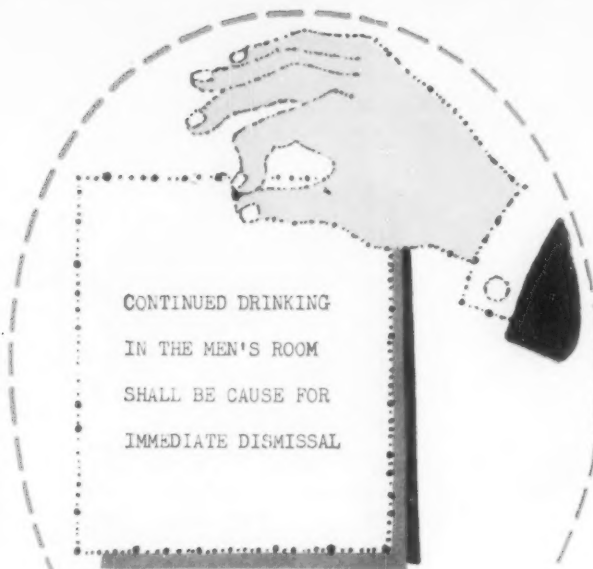


PARADING motelward through the rain, they're cheered by an excellent meal.



THE DOCUMENTED FIRING

Mash-notes in a woman's hand lure him to an office-hour rendezvous. The boss (who wrote the notes) appears. Wham!



THE THUMB-TACK FIRING

When the whole staff's on edge, the axe can fall on a sober worker with no fuss.



THE IMPACT FIRING

"Harold, I can't get to sleep. It's something I've got to fight through myself. Perhaps I should have told you. You're fired."



ILLUSTRATED BY KEN ZEALLEY

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MARCH 14, 1959

The delicate art
of giving the sack has long been recognized as the modern
executive's toughest task. It can be handled with bare knuckles
or with velvet gloves, with gusto or with guile. Here are the techniques
as recorded by the famous (?) research team of.

BILL LONGGOOD and ED WALLACE



THE EXECUTIVE FIRING

Says one endorser: "The unwritten rule is that no executive is given the sack until he's sipping a liqueur. It repays itself in goodwill."

Every day, without theatrics, acclaim or recognition, thousands of executives are quietly and efficiently performing the task that purifies and strengthens the corporate bloodstream—firing the weak, the unguided, the misfitted, the unwanted.

Countless other executives, however, are shirking this essential task and, consequently, the corporate world is infected with incompetents and undesirables who deserve to be fired, but instead draw weekly stipends.

Why?

A confidential survey of 4,300 executives revealed this startling fact: many admitted that they simply do not know how to go about firing people who deserve to be fired, and others conceded frankly that they "didn't want to be thought of as a bad guy."

These amazing admissions dramatize one of the greatest incongruities in the corporate realm today. Despite almost unanimous agreement that firing is the most important single function of an executive, there has been virtually no planned guidance or leadership in how to perform this vital task.

Let us examine some of the more popular techniques developed by corporate pioneers who did not flinch from their duty to eliminate the deadwood that infected their teams:

Down Memory Lane

Paul Goodsbey, of Powell, Ethridge and McMahon, wholesale dressmakers, long ago perfected this technique.

Goodsbey will call a man in and greet him warmly, even to the point of rising from his desk to shake hands. He proffers a cigar, takes one for himself, and often as not they will both use the same snap of the lighter.

"Snider, you came with us as a stripling," he will say.

"Yes sir, a stock boy, I was. Just out of Erasmus High."

"You worked hard and you advanced. One might say you prospered."

"Well, sir, I guess I've been able to make out pretty well."

"Oh, you did much better than just make out," Mr. Goodsbey will say, scoffing at the man's modesty.

"You married one of our young ladies, I seem to remember."

"Bessie Williams, one of the office girls. In fact Bessie would have been a file clerk, except she had to leave—for family reasons, Mr. Goodsbey."

"Say, you've raised quite a little family for yourself, Snider."

"Well, times get along, Mr. Goodsbey, and now they are all raising little families for themselves. Yes, sir."

"Then you are a grandfather, hey?"

"Five times and two in prospect, Mr. Goodsbey."

"That's wonderful, Mr. Snider." continued on page 32



Two miles run, signals Dorothy Percival as the author stretches his stride. Heart-poundings at first frightened him but careful checks (right) showed no danger.

How I beat my middle-aged spread

By **Lloyd Percival** DIRECTOR OF SPORTS COLLEGE with **Trent Frayne**

There I was: over forty, overweight and overblown. Now, five years later, I can do 159 push-ups and run twelve miles. Some of my friends are still chaffing, but I've never felt better in my life

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ROCKETT

I happened to look at myself in the mirror a few years back—you know, *really* look. There I stood, fortyish, flaccid in the face, sagging in the paunch. I was a typical middle-aging man. The only serious difficulty with my laundry-bag contour was that I'm in the physical-fitness business. For nearly eighteen years I've been director of Sports College, advising runners how to run faster, hockey players how to last longer and lady javelin throwers how to throw javelins farther. My reflection assured me I was hardly an ambulating advertisement for my profession.

So I decided to do something about it, not only to prevent my protégés from howling themselves weak when they saw me, but also to find out what happens when a sedentary person turns active. At 181 I was thirty-five pounds overweight, and I wanted to learn whether a flabby man in his forties could come back at all, or if he had to sit around and listen to his arteries harden once he'd reached the middle ages.

And so for the last five years I've done everything to these tired old bones short of setting them out on the desert to bleach. I doubt if there's a muscle in my body that hasn't been stretched about as far as it will go. I've run to the point of exhaustion, and I've done push-ups and pull-ups and sit-ups until my muscles twitched like a thoroughbred's flanks. I've dieted and I've eaten excessively. I've smoked up to thirty cigarettes a day for periods of six weeks, and I've gone similar spans without smoking at all. I've drunk whisky and I've abstained, and every time I did any of these things I've had my wife Dorothy record the reactions of my pulse rate and my heart sounds, and

their recovery speeds. Dorothy has used a stethoscope on my hide so often she's in danger of developing cauliflower ears.

I had a couple of other reasons for this experiment. It was an opportunity for Sports College to provide information in the many publications we've been distributing across the country for seventeen years—in this case on the controversial question of how best to train or recondition the body. Also, I grew excited at the prospect of reporting my findings on the Sports College weekly radio show every Saturday over the CBC Trans-Canada network, which I've been doing for fourteen years.

So I became my own guinea pig. I worked indoors and I worked outdoors in my backyard and out on the street. One evening when I was running on the sidewalk, a police car drew up and I was questioned as a suspected Peeping Tom. I told the cop I was working out and, somewhat dubiously, he believed me when he saw my sweat suit and tennis shoes. I guess he figured even a window-peeker wasn't *this* nuts.

A neighbor used to tell her six-year-old child, "If you're not a good little girl I'll make you go across the street and run with Mr. Percival."

Once, when I was exercising strenuously in my backyard, two little boys watched me impassively over the fence. Then I heard one of them say, "I guess that man has nobody to play with."

In a sense the little boy was right. It's always astonished me how reluctant the average adult is to exercise in public, or even semi-private. He'll drink more than he should, time after time, so that he weaves and hollers and makes a fool of himself in public, but nobody will ever catch him exercising in public, a pastime that can only be beneficial. He'd like to, I suspect, but he won't risk the kidding. I was conscious that the neighbors figured I was a crackpot, but after a while they began to come around. Our grocer even said one morning that he envied me for sticking to it. Another fellow exclaimed, "Boy, I'd do anything just to be able to run around the block without figuring I was going to collapse."

I knew when I started out that I was organically sound because I'd recently had a physical check-up, a precaution everyone should take before undertaking any strenuous exercise. Still, there were many moments when I honestly wondered if I'd survive, much less regain top condition in this search for my lost youth. I was frequently reminded as I underwent what often amounted to an ordeal of the generally held notion that people past forty are risking a coronary when they shovel off their driveways after a heavy snowfall. I'm forty-six now, and in those five years of experiment I was dreadfully afraid, several times, that I'd gone too far, and that the nausea and chest pains and stitches in my side were warnings of an impending heart attack.

This happened, in fact, right at the start when I staged my first test to check what happens during all-out exertion and to learn my state of fitness. I decided I'd run fifty yards, then walk twenty-five, and to repeat

this procedure as long as possible to force myself to the limit.

It was a summer morning. I pulled on a pair of soft heavy woolen socks and tennis shoes, and draped my drooping 181 pounds in a white T-shirt and a pair of maroon sweat pants. I'd gone maybe three minutes when I began to feel limp and my chest began to burn. Soon I was sweating heavily. Then nausea developed and I had a nasty stitch in my right side. I staggered and nearly fell several times but I kept my rubbery legs moving. I frantically gulped deep



Amid friends' roisterous mockery Percival plunges doggedly into his routine—and drafts a guest as a counterweight.

breaths and tried to relax. My wife Dorothy put a stethoscope to my chest. My heart was pounding in my ears, and she counted 168 beats in the first minute (about 72 is normal for most people). My stomach crawled with the feeling that I'd overdone it.

I continued to walk, though, knowing as a horse-trainer knows that the best way to cool out a sweating, heaving animal is to walk him. After a few minutes I felt better, though very weak, and Dorothy took my heart rate again. It was down to 89, which showed excellent recovery. I knew then that the pain in my side had been only the result of my poor physical condition. You can't injure a normal heart through normal exercise.

The next day my legs were stiff and sore and I was very tired. After a few days I wanted to know something about my muscle ability so I tried push-ups and pull-ups for the arms, bent-knee sit-ups for the stomach, and deep knee bends for the legs. I tried push-ups first. **continued on page 39**





Sweet & sour



"If you'd let me handle the bills they wouldn't have shut off the lights."

I'm a real sweet guy

I always draw certain conclusions on receiving various bits of information:

"I'm sorry, but that number has been temporarily disconnected." — *They've gone away on a trip somewhere, Bermuda perhaps. No sense in paying for a phone while they're away.*

"The couple had registered as Mr. and Mrs. John Smith." — *It figures. That's a mighty common name.*

"Fogarty woke up to find his bed

ablaze." — *Defective wiring in the bed lamp. Wiring should be checked regularly.*

"Joe got a broken jaw on New Year's Eve." — *You can't blame him. It was a terrible night, streets and sidewalks coated with ice. Anybody could have fallen.*

"It's believed that the missing bank cashier is in Mexico." — *It's a nice country, cheap to live in. The guy lived frugally for years, saved his salary and took the logical step,*

PARKE CUMMINGS

We call it "Living '59"

When we bought a brand-new house a few months ago we found a few things that needed remodeling. Here's how we've made the place more livable:

Basement: Removed seldom-used recreation room and bar from basement, salvaging knotty pine from walls and tiles from floor and ceiling. Result: a huge area, with durable concrete floors and walls, suitable for storing bicycles, baby buggies and window screens. An ideal place for kids on rainy days.

Living room: Ripped out dust-collecting bookshelf and room divider and installed smart-looking plaster wall with built-in, hinged door. Result: living room can be shut off from noise of dish-washing and sight of cluttered kitchen. Sensing that the room now needed a focal point, we cut a large hole in one wall, lined it with bricks and erected a chimney above it. Result: a place where wood or coal can be burned in a grate, giving cheerful warmth.

Back yard: Replaced patio with enclosure attached to house at back entrance. Floor, roof, screened walls and awnings make it a comfortable "outdoor room" ideal in summer for eating meals, napping or just loafing, free from dogs, cats, flies, mosquitoes, flying ants and sudden rainstorms. Our "back porch" (as we call it) has attracted architects from all over the province.

Carport: Devised shelter for car by building walls between posts of carport and adding one large door (for car) and one small one (for pedestrians). Result: family car stays warmer in winter, is safe from prowlers and seems likely to retain original paint at least three years longer.

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Tomato Juice contains only
four calories per ounce!

D TJ 8



Big moments for Daddy... and Daddy's Little Girl!

...Precious moments, when a thousand miles melt into nothing and he can almost hug her she feels so close. Someone you love would like to hear your voice right now. Why not plan a fast, easy, inexpensive Long Distance call? It's the next best thing to being there.

It costs less than you think!

Look at these low rates: Susan's special call from her Daddy, from Edmonton to Hamilton was only \$2.55 for the first three minutes, each additional minute 85 cents... biggest bargain going, for the pleasure it brings. These rates apply from 6 p.m. to 4.30 a.m., station to station and all day Sunday.

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

THESE THOUSAND HILLS: The warm-hearted saloon girl played by tousled Lee Remick in this handsome western is by no means a novelty in boss-opera but even in her case the story introduces one or two unhackneyed touches, and most of the other characters are more third-dimensional than the usual cardboard "types." Don Murray appears as an ambitious cowhand who is not entirely a stainless-steel Galahad of the range. With Richard Egan, Patricia Owens, Stuart Whitman, Albert Dekker.



MADAME BUTTERFLY: An Italian-made film version of the Puccini opera. Japanese actors are seen (but not heard) in the Japanese roles, all the voices being those of Italian professional singers. Some of the dubbing is poor but both the music and the camera work are beautiful.

NINE LIVES: The true story of an almost incredibly tough Norwegian patriot who cut off his own frozen toes and endured numerous other ordeals while fleeing across his homeland's icy wastes from the pursuing Germans in 1943. Rating: good.

THE RESTLESS YEARS: Hollywood has applied a slick soap-serial gloss to this deCanadianized version of *Teach Me How to Cry*, Toronto playwright Patricia Joudry's drama about the problems of small-town adolescents. With Sandra Dee, John Saxon, Teresa Wright.

THE SQUARE PEG: A British war-spy farce starring Norman Wisdom as a bumbling little English soldier who just happens to look exactly like the Nazi general commanding a strategic French town. The general's Schubert duets with a billowing German soprano are very funny but the merriment sadly lags before the finish.

THE TEMPEST: Not to be confused with anything ever written by W. Shakespeare, this is an Italo-Yugoslav-French historical drama based on two Russian stories by Pushkin—and it's a cut above the average costume swash-buckler. In the international cast, Van Heflin portrays a powerful Cossack pretender to the throne of Catherine the Great (Viveca Lindfors).

THE TRAP: A much-too-slow tempo at the beginning and some fairly ludicrous overacting are handicaps in an otherwise taut and tidy suspense yarn with a modern western setting. A remorseful shyster (Richard Widmark), his weakling brother (Earl Holliman), the brother's voluptuous wife (Tina Louise) and a fugitive gang-chief (Lee J. Cobb) are the principals. Rating: fair.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anna Lucasta: Drama. Fair.
Auntie Mame: Comedy. Good.
Bell, Book and Candle: Comedy. Fair.
The Big Country: Western. Excellent.
The Buccaneer: Historical drama. Fair.
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof: Sexy drama of Deep South. Good.
Curse of the Faceless Man: Fantasy. Good.
The Defiant Ones: Drama. Tops.
The Doctor's Dilemma: Edwardian satire by GBS. Fair.
Dunkirk: War drama. Good.
The Fearmakers: Drama. Good.
Gigi: Musical. Excellent.
The Hanging Tree: Western. Fair.
He Who Must Die: French drama. Good.
Home Before Dark: Drama. Fair.
The Horse's Mouth: Comedy. Good.
Ice Cold in Alex: British drama of war in desert. Good.
The Inn of the Sixth Happiness: China drama. Good but long.
Intent to Kill: Suspense. Good.
It Happened in Rome: Anglo-Italian romantic comedy. Fair.
I Want to Live! Death-cell drama. Good.

I Was Monty's Double: True-life hoax thriller. Good.
The Last Hurrah: Comedy-drama. Good.
Law and Disorder: Comedy. Good.
The Man Inside: Crook drama. Fair.
Me and the Colonel: Comedy. Good.
My Uncle: French comedy. Fair.
A Night to Remember: True shipwreck drama. Good.
Orders to Kill: Drama. Excellent.
Party Girl: Gang drama. Good.
The Perfect Furlough: Comedy. Good.
Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!: Small-town comedy. Fair.
Rockets Galore: British comedy. Good.
The Roots of Heaven: Drama. Good.
Sea of Sand: Desert war. Fair.
Separate Tables: Drama. Good.
7th Voyage of Sinbad: Arabian Nights adventure for children. Good.
The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw: Wild West comedy. Fair.
Some Came Running: Drama. Good.
Tom Thumb: Fairy-tale comedy. Good for adults; excellent for children.
Tonka: Indian boy meets wonder-horse. Good for youngsters.
The Tunnel of Love: Comedy. Fair.
The Wind Cannot Read: Drama. Good.

flash!

flair!



fun!

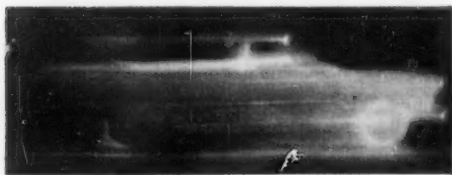


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Flash! Just touch a finger tip to Plymouth's push-button control panel. Then ease down your toe and feel that big power plant snap into action. Six or V-8, Plymouth lets you captain the liveliest, smoothest, "goingest" engine-and-transmission team in its field!

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Fun! Proved and improved Torsion-AIRE Ride does all three... pillows bumps, levels corners, eliminates "nose-dive" stops. Makes Plymouth more fun to ride in, every mile. Pick your favourite Plymouth '59 model and take a revealing trial-drive this week!



'59 PLYMOUTH

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The delicate art of giving the sack

Continued from page 25

The boss wrote mash notes in a woman's hand

Here is the first turning point in the Down Memory Lane technique, Goodsbys says. "You start in calling the man Snider, or whatever, and at the first sign of genuine pride or pleasantry, you address him as 'mister' and drop your voice."

"Then you carry the thing on for whatever length seems necessary to the individual situation. Then you simply state that changes have been contemplated, decisions reached, and that the man should get out and look around for something else to do."

"I hand him his cheque, personally, because I think it is a decent move. Conducted properly there is seldom more than a handshake and well wishes."

"If anything else is required I remind the man that he has met and conquered all his other challenges, and that I have every confidence he will meet this one."

The Documented Firing

In its most primitive form the documented firing is based on a body of documentary evidence which cannot be refuted.

An ingenious plan for getting evidence was invented by A. J. Cuttle, president of Esskay Importers. Following his retirement, Cuttle revealed that upon deciding to fire an employee he wrote him mash notes in what appeared to be a woman's hand, using a fictitious signature. The signer described herself as fascinated or attracted by the recipient of the note and there were hints that she had amorous designs on him. Cuttle said that the recipient of these notes would open them while he watched and "before my very eyes he would flush, get excited and try to act normal while attempting to hide the note." As the notes continued, increasing in intensity, the employee, especially if middle-aged, would get so overwrought that he would commit errors that gave excuse to fire him without carrying the plan to termination. In other instances the notes continued until, after proper titillation, I sent a perfumed invitation to meet the writer in the lobby of a certain hotel at a given time."

Cuttle said the appointment always was made for mid-afternoon on a working day, and invariably the employee would invent an excuse to leave the office for the afternoon, usually feigning illness and laying it upon seafood which he had eaten at noon.

At the time of the rendezvous Cuttle would go to the scene of the proposed assignation, and appear greatly shocked to find the "sick" employee there with a huge bouquet and box of candy in his arms.

Here the whole complexion of the plan might change in a twinkling, Cuttle has explained. Most of the culprits gave up, right on the spot, making the manoeuvre an induced resignation. Those who required Cuttle to make the act of separation were, of course, fired by documentation.

But in neither case did Cuttle sever the employment relation without first giving the man a talk aimed at strengthening his moral fibre.

Promoting to Death Or, The Induced Resignation

This technique is based upon making the employee vaguely dissatisfied with his position in the company, whatever it may be. He should be praised extravagantly and given promotions for little or no reason. He should be encouraged to believe that his services are the very bedrock of the firm, but good judgment cautions that this should never be conveyed in written form.

As the employee continues to receive promotions, he should be given imposing titles and added responsibilities, but under no circumstances should he be given a raise.

Invariably the man will become convinced that he is truly indispensable and, at his wife's insistence, he will threaten to resign unless given more money.

The executive, alert for this moment, will grab the man's hand, pump it sturdily and cry: "Hate to lose you, old boy, but we're not going to stand in your way. You've overtaken us. Get out and grow!"

Occasionally, however, an individual will fail to respond to this treatment. They require special treatment such as:

The Cold-Water Treatment

This is so effective in preparing the employee psychologically that often the firing is made unnecessary because of a nervous breakdown. This technique can be applied at any time and need not follow any specific offense.

Basically the cold-water treatment pivots upon giving the employee nothing to do until he cracks under the strain of inactivity and trying to figure out what it is all about.

Jethro Fillmore, early pioneer in this technique, noted that the first day or two the idle employee was elated at doing nothing. But by the fourth day his nerves were fraying, he began furtively watching the clock, making alternate trips to the water cooler and the men's room, writing personal letters which he pretended were business correspondence, and calling his wife under the guise of official calls.

If the campaign proceeds on schedule at the end of the first week the employee should start making frequent trips to the dictionary, looking perplexed as if harried by the weight and responsibility of his job. Closer watch will reveal that he is working crossword puzzles in his desperate effort to appear busy.

On the ninth day Fillmore made it a point to stroll over to the employee in mid-afternoon and say, "There's nothing much doing today, why don't you take an early slide?"

At this stage of the campaign, Fillmore observed, a second front opened up on the employee. His nerves were so taut that he started picking fights with his wife; one man was kept up all night battling with his wife over whether the pork chops were overcooked, and reported to work next morning so fatigued that he had unwittingly put on one brown and one black shoe.

Long before this point the entire staff

(Advertisement)



THE CANADIAN CURLING CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY-OFFS, thrilling climax to a season of play by over 250,000 curlers in rinks from coast to coast. An exhilarating participating sport, Curling is fast becoming one of the nation's most popular winter pastimes.

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THE ADVERTISEMENT on the facing page is one of a series now being published by The House of Seagram in magazines circulating throughout the world. From these Seagram advertisements the people of many lands — in Latin America, Asia, Europe and Africa — come to know Canada better ... from her love of genial sport, such as curling, to her renowned cultural achievements and her great traditions.

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The House of Seagram has always believed that, in addition to promoting its own products in foreign markets, promoting the reputation abroad of all Canadian products and accomplishments is in the best interests of every Canadian.

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WILLIAM WINTER, R.C.A., O.S.A.

Born in Winnipeg, studied at the Winnipeg School of Art, now devotes his time to painting with emphasis on the Canadian scene and the life of the people. His work has been acquired by many public galleries and museums as well as many private collectors.



For reprints of this painting, suitable for framing, write: The House of Seagram, 1430 Peel St., Montreal, P.Q.

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THE "ROARING GAME", as curlers like to call it, is a friendly game which the whole family can play and which unites ever-increasing thousands of Canadians in friendly competition.



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Honoured the world over for its smoothness,
light-body and delicate bouquet, Seagram's V.O.

is the lightest, cleanest-tasting whisky you ever enjoyed.
That's why: *More people throughout the world buy Seagram's V.O.*
than any other whisky exported from any country.

Say Seagram's and be Sure



will have learned that the man is in disfavor and they will shun him to avoid guilt by association. The plan is drawing toward an end when the intended victim starts going to lunch alone and lingers at his desk after quitting time, claiming that he has to "stick around a few minutes to clear up some details."

If the employee does not submit his resignation at this stage, firing is in order.

The Riposte Firing

This type of discharge usually is not scheduled in advance, and generally is not even contemplated in the long-range planning of the firm, but suddenly an unexpected opportunity presents itself to get rid of an employee with a sharp verbal thrust that is just too tempting to let go by.

A particularly fine example of this technique was displayed by M. Minter Meadenville, promotion director of the Seaside Salt Water Taffy Co. Meadenville one day decided to reduce his staff and called in his assistant, an ambitious young man named Ray, to acquaint him with the decision. To Meadenville's surprise Ray seemed distressed that a retrenchment was upcoming.

"A lot of guys who gave up good jobs to come here are going to be sore as hell at getting the gate," Ray replied. "Who are you going to start with?"

Meadenville, meeting his assistant's intense gaze, replied in even tones: "You, Ray."

Meadenville later said that until that instant he hadn't the slightest intention of firing his young assistant. In fact, he admitted: "Ray was a darned good boy and I expected him to go places as a member of my team."

Educational Firing

Vibrant J. R. Eadley, health-foods tycoon, always gave an educational lecture at the time of firing so the discharged employee could take something away with him. Eadley's short lectures covered Sleeping on a Bedboard, Muscle Tone, Stretching Upon Awakening, Thinking Yourself Into Restful Relaxation, Wheat Germ, Deep Breathing as More Stimulating Than a Coffee Break, Calisthenics at the Desk, and others. He often gave his talks while slowly rising on his toes or using his bongo board. One witness, testifying to the effectiveness of the technique, disclosed that he was listening to a discourse on preserving the vitamin content of fresh fruits and vegetables when he suddenly realized he had been fired.

The Question Mark

Carver L. Wast, a mucilage jobber, had fabulous results in preparing his employees for the axe by using the question-mark technique. In one case the target was a junior member named Mervin Goodfellow. "Wast simply mailed Goodfellow an unsigned letter which stated:

"Mervin, take this for whatever it is worth to you. On Mr. Wast's memo pad I saw your name with a big question mark beside it.—A Friend."

A few of these, with an accompanying change of attitude on Mr. Wast's part, was enough to bring about a resignation.

The Thumb-Tack Way

The bulletin board can be the employer's best friend in paving the way for an induced resignation, or paving the way psychologically for a firing by turning public opinion against the person to

be fired even before his identity is made known.

This technique depends on posting a series of notices on the bulletin board, referring to general offenses and threatening drastic action if they are repeated. This has the effect of making the staff speculate on the identity of the offender, turning office opinion against him, and when the firing does take place everyone will assume that the discharged person was the guilty party. If correctly executed, not one word will be spoken in his defense.

Fred T. Looky, an executive with Laddy Boy, Inc., makers of studded belts for men, has been a leader in developing this technique.

In one case Looky successfully prepared the way for a firing by a bulletin-board notice which declared: "No more drinking in the men's room." (Note deft use of the word "more.")

A few days later a second warning appeared: "Further drinking in the men's room will not be tolerated."

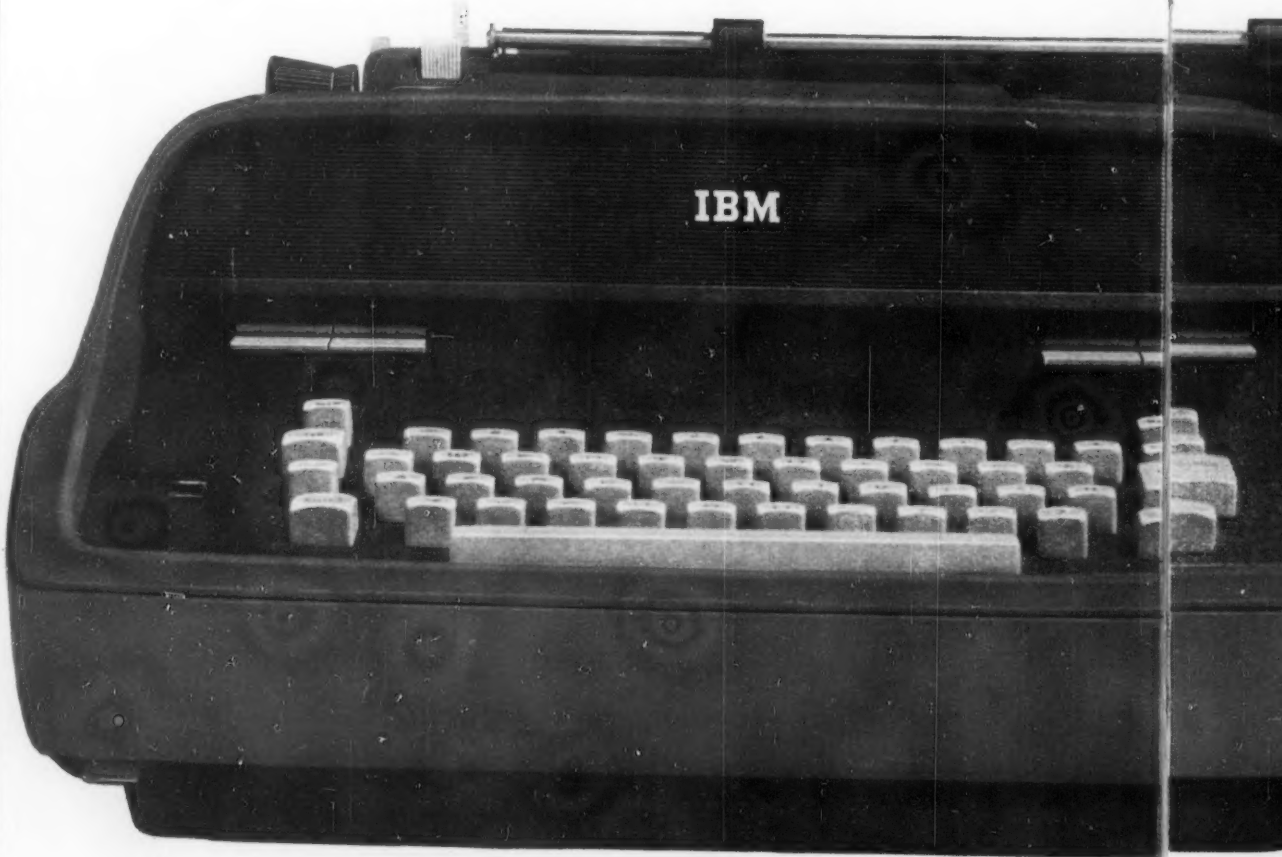
A week later a third sign was posted: "Continued drinking in the men's room

shall be cause for immediate dismissal!"

Two days later Looky struck quickly, firing an employee he disliked for purely whimsical reasons. Although the employee had a reputation for sobriety and moderation, it was now commonly assumed that he was a secret drinker.

As Looky had foreseen, no one spoke up in the man's behalf. Employees who did not drink thought he got what he deserved. The others who did partake were of the same opinion because the discharged employee had never offered them a drink, even at Christmas.

this



"Instead of upsetting our staff," Looky reported, "the bulletin-board notices had built up so much tension that everyone actually welcomed the firing."

The Impact Firing

A rather signal example of impact firing, favored by some dynamic-type executives, was employed by Cecil K. Meerschaum in severing the employment tie with R. Harold Bates, a junior member of the firm whom many considered C.K.'s second in command.

Cause of the severance has never been clearly understood, but associates have speculated at various times.

Bates was awakened about midnight by his bedside phone.

He instantly recognized the voice of Cecil K. Meerschaum as it was not unusual for C.K. to call at this hour.

"Harold, damn it, I can't get to sleep," Meerschaum complained. "I just can't seem to drop off."

Bates, naturally, was solicitous and asked if there was anything he could do.

"No, Harold, it's something I've got

to fight through myself," Meerschaum said. "Perhaps I should have mentioned it to you at the office today, because, Harold, I've decided to let you go."

("I think I was just too stunned to say anything," Bates said later.)

"Now I'll try to get some sleep," C.K. said, and hung up the phone.

The Firing of Top Men

An entirely different technique should be used to fire executive personnel than to sever workers. Just as the dishonored

army officer is kicked out of his military organization with ceremony, so the fired executive should never be forced out of his command without appropriate ritual.

In all instances the firing should be executed in private. This may be formal, with charges read and sentence carried out before the board of directors, or it may be informally conducted. In the latter instance the firing may take place over the lunch table, preferably after dessert and coffee.

Dexter Trealeau, a stickler for form, once said, "In our firm the unwritten rule is that no executive can be given the sack until his meal has had a chance to settle and he is sipping his favorite liqueur. This courtesy has repaid itself a hundred times in goodwill."

He told researchers, "I found the most effective technique was to suggest a game of tennis or handball, depending on the fellow's taste, and wait until he was stripped to fire him; being naked seemed to take the fight out of a man and make him submissive as a kitten."

How to fire a boss

One of the most difficult and sensitive operations within the corporate structure is firing command-level executives. Because of their status, prestige, and because they reflect the corporate image, the usual methods of firing must be dispensed with. Experience has taught that the most efficient and considerate method is the negotiated firing. In truth, it is not a firing but, rather, a withdrawal from active participation in the corporation by mutual consent and for mutual benefit.

In severing a command-level executive, there is no firing, as we know the procedure, but he is kicked upstairs *with his consent*. He is not stripped of his title or titles but merely changes his old dynamic title as president or senior vice-president for the static role of chairman of the board of directors or as a member of the board; or public notice may state that he is retiring but will serve as consultant to the corporation. If the continuing relationship is an extremely tenuous one, the announcement merely may state that the affected executive "will continue to serve the corporation in an advisory capacity."

The In-law Problem

One of the most vexing and costly problems in the corporate world is what to do about friends and relatives who demand jobs on the strength of an emotional or blood bond.

O. R. James O'Holan, who made his name and fortune in the stuffed Teddy bear game, was saddled with a brother-in-law and a first cousin. In an effort to unload one or both of them, he gave both the title of junior vice-president, then he created the post of senior vice-president, leaving the latter open in the belief that one or both would be eliminated in the struggle for it. Within three months, however, the two younger men had settled their own differences, worked out a deal and forced O'Holan out of the corporation by means of a negotiated firing.

Who to Fire?

One of the most exacting chores of leadership is knowing who to fire. This simple guide, in the form of a list of anti-social traits, can be a help to business leaders in spotting the bruised apples in their corporate barrel:

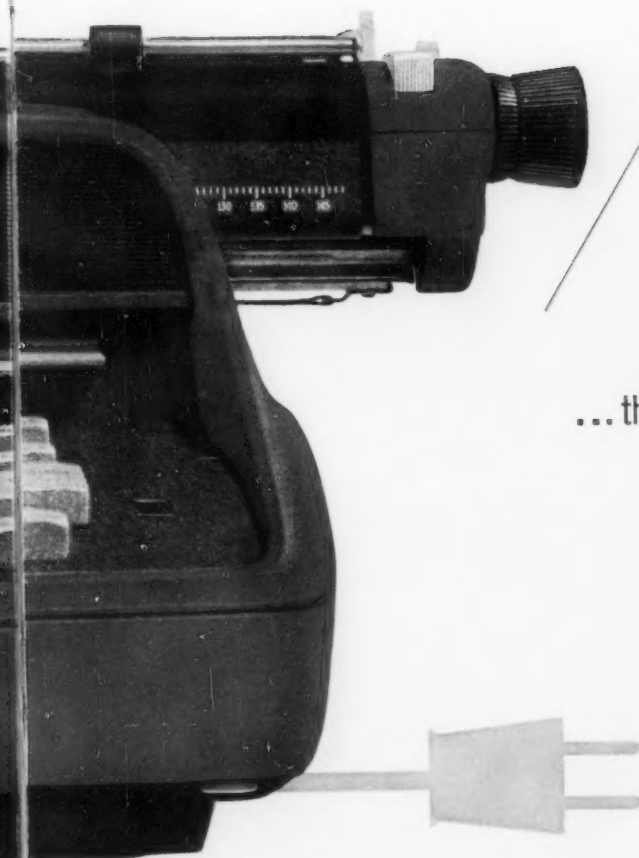
Failure to participate wholeheartedly in team activities at corporate outings. Ordering the most expensive dish on

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This illustration is composed of actual pieces of linoleum chosen from Dominion's range of almost 100 modern primaries, shades, tints and patterns!



HERE ARE THE LINOLEUM PATTERNS USED:

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Jasper J-724 | 12. Jasper J-738 |
| 2. Handicraft H-777 | 13. Jasper J-701 |
| 3. Handicraft H-768 | 14. Jasper J-726 |
| 4. Jasper J-737 | 15. Marbleum M-53 |
| 5. Jasper J-739 | 16. Marbleum M-13 |
| 6. Marbleum M-21 | 17. Jasper J-708 |
| 7. Jasper J-720 | 18. Handicraft H-774 |
| 8. Marbleum M-96 | 19. Battleship Light Blue |
| 9. Marbleum M-22 | 20. Handicraft H-772 |
| 10. Marbleum M-43 | 21. Marbleum M-25 |
| 11. Marbleum M-23 | 22. Jasper J-725 |



UM'S CAVALCADE OF COLOUR

Dominion Linoleum "makes history"... Canadian history in colour. Just a pleasant way of bringing to your attention a few selections from the finest range of colours and patterns in North America. This picture alone is rich in inspiration for an endless variety of adventurous decorating schemes. Explore the combination-possibilities of the lake-and-sky blues, the field-and-forest greens, the robust browns. Ideas everywhere for home and commercial decor that's as light and airy as the great outdoors!

Dominion Linoleum, with its great

panorama of colours, has other enticing advantages, too... a smooth, easy-cleaning surface that doesn't harbour dust... initial low cost and the economy of good, long wear proven by 50 years of service. Write for a free reproduction of this full-colour illustration suitable for framing and, for the children, an outline drawing for colouring.

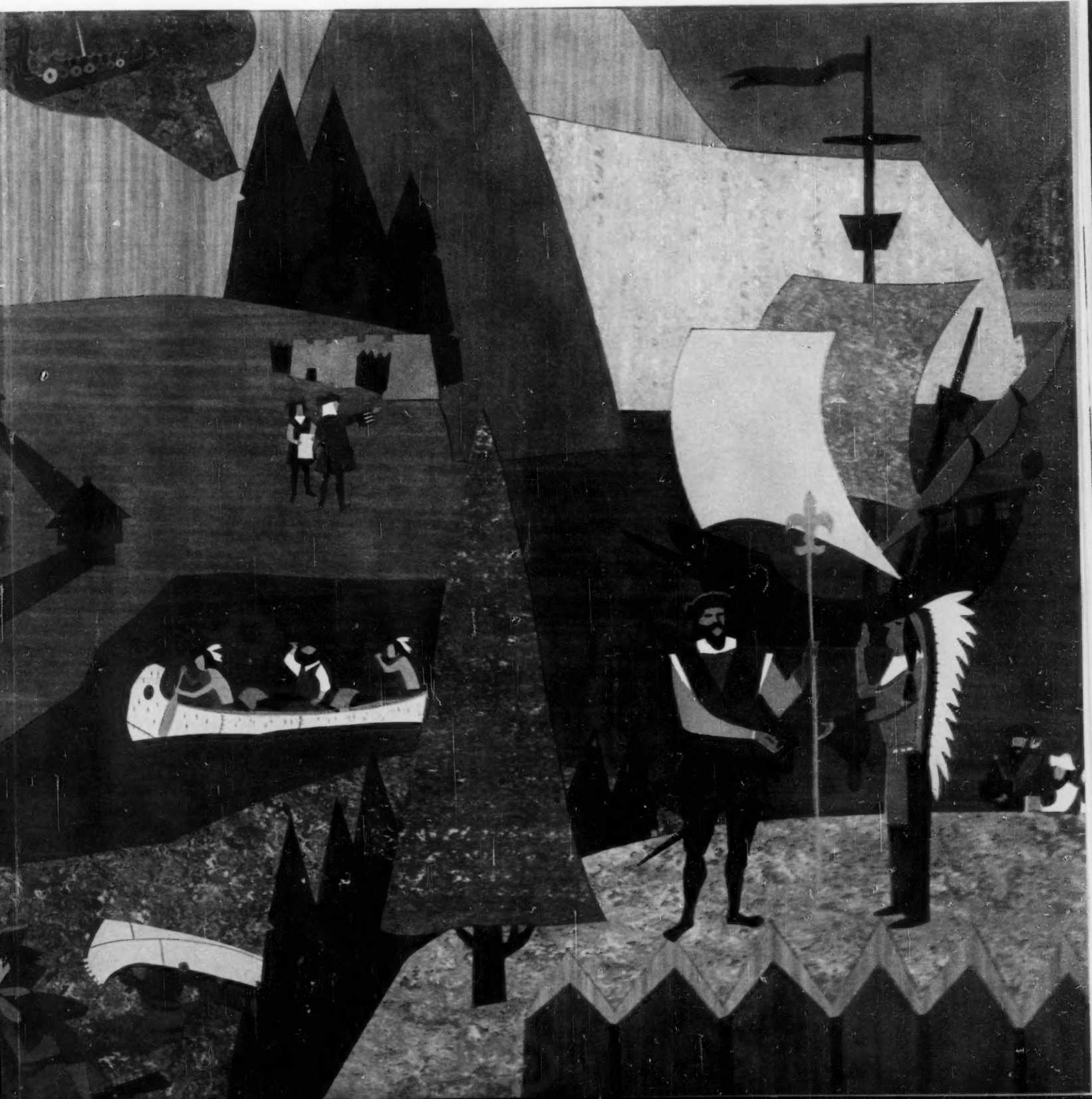
Illustrated leaflets on colour range, installation, maintenance and room interiors also available from: Department "K", Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Ltd., 2200 St. Catherine Street East, Montreal.

By-the-yard and tiles... all inlaid.
Look for the name on the back of the product.

MARBLEUM • DOMINION JASPÉ
HANDICRAFT • BATTLESHIP
made only in Canada... sold by
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DOMINION LINOLEUM

Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Limited
Makers of Dominion Linoleum, Dominion Vinyl Tile
and Associated Products.



the menu when eating on expense account.

Refusal to join group singing at office social functions.

Placing undue emphasis on salary in lieu of the spiritual satisfaction that comes with doing a good job for the corporate whole.

Seeking wage increases that would disturb a corporation's delicate balance of salary equilibrium.

Demanding compensation for extra time worked during a period of emergency or crisis.

Not exchanging Christmas cards with superiors.

Unrestrained mirth at inter-office party skits which chide executives in a spirit of good, clean, wholesome fun.

How to keep from being fired

The young executive who is called upon periodically to fire underlings lives in danger of falling victim to the powerful weapon he is learning to wield. "He who lives by the sword may die by the sword."

To speak frankly, the young man push-

ing ahead is forever in danger of being picked off from ambush. Competency is no guarantee against being fired; in fact, it often adds to the hazard. As a young man rises in his organization he excites many jealousies and makes enemies, not only among his less competent rivals and their sponsors, but among older executives who fear being bypassed and take preventative action by firing the youth while they still can.

Over the years, however, various techniques have been developed to minimize the dangers of getting fired. These tech-

niques have come to be more commonly known as fire-proofing the job.

T.S.J. had sneering contempt for employees who, when late for work, tried to sneak in unobserved. Instead he made a great production of his tardiness. He would walk unsteadily into the office, sit down and wipe his brow (which he had taken care to dampen at a faucet in the men's room), exclaiming, "If I'd had any sense at all I'd have stayed home today."

L.S. learned early in his business career the value of office sentiment. He began each day by putting a family picture on his desk with a rose in front of it. Not until he was arrested for embezzlement was it learned that he had never been married, the picture was a forgery and the rose, which everyone assumed came from his garden, was stolen from a neighborhood florist. L.S.'s lawyer cited this trait at the trial and the jury wept in sympathy "for this poor lonely man." L.S. was acquitted.

B.M. always avoided taking extended vacations for fear they would give the impression that his services were not indispensable. Each year he told his superior, "I'd like to take a long rest this year (implying he was overworked) but I can't get away from the job. Guess I'll have to try to keep going by taking a few long weekends." In a subsequent time-motion study it was discovered by chance that he was taking off the equivalent of three months annually. He was fired, but he had practiced the deception successfully for sixteen years before being caught.

Here are some tested ruses for fire-proofing your job:

Always appear to be busy but actually perform as little work as possible. The less you do, the less likely you are to make mistakes.

Avoid other employees who are not in favor with management. Several employees admitted they always made it a point to beware of their colleagues who ate alone.

Never slander your superiors in a witticism that may be quoted. The contributor of that advice admitted having told a fellow employee that he hadn't wished his boss a Happy New Year "because what makes that jerk happy would probably make me unhappy." The following day he was fired.

Never stay home from work sick just one day at a time. Stay away three consecutive days to avoid suspicion that you just felt like staying in bed for the day. A week's absence may bring sympathy.

In applying for a raise, never threaten to quit if you don't get it. The informant revealed he used to wait a month after making such application, then he told his superior, "I don't mean to press you, but for my guidance will you be so good as to tell me your decision..."

Avoid working for self-made men.

Be hesitant about trying to get too high a wage. Beyond a certain point the emolument one receives ceases to be a salary and becomes a target.

Keep your own documentary file of all kind words and compliments on your work.

Work for a large company. There's greater safety in anonymity.

Learn the ailments of your employer and adopt them for your own. There's no bond like a mutual affliction. A junior executive feigned bursitis so well that his boss, an actual sufferer, recognized the symptoms and promoted him to vice-president. ★

This article is excerpted from *The Pink Slip*, to be published later by McGraw Hill.

easy-going '50' ale sips light sits light



Anytime's a good time with
Labatt's '50' Ale





How I beat my middle-aged spread continued from page 27

"My heart was all right. I felt so exhilarated I went into twenty-five fast knee bends."

It was ridiculous. I did nine and there simply wasn't the strength in my trembling arms to hit ten. Then I tried sit-ups. In a sit-up you lie flat on your back with your hands clasped behind your head and your knees bent so that your feet are flat on the floor. Then, without raising your feet, you sit up. This is a wonderful exercise for the stomach muscles. But my trouble was that I couldn't do *one* without raising my feet. So I propped my feet under the edge of the chesterfield in the recreation room. I did eight this way. On my last attempt I felt as though someone was running a buzz-saw across my midriff and I lay back, panting and disgusted.

I managed three, nearly four pull-ups—chinning the bar—and after twenty-four deep knee bends the pain in my legs was excruciating. Now I knew that my physical youth was gone. The question was, could I get it back? That night, when I dragged my aching body to bed, I doubted it.

I realized one of my chief problems was my weight. I experimented with many diets. I found that a heavy protein, light carbohydrate one was best. Like many people I am plagued by a sweet tooth, although I don't have a particularly large appetite. I just happen to like the wrong things—pies, pastries, ice cream, candy. I gave these up, along with my favorite snack, a wide slice of crusty bread thick with butter. They were replaced by skim milk and cheese, eggs, citrus fruits, lean meat, fish and poultry, and pears, which are a great source of low-calorie energy. I think it's an important point that I was never hungry.

All out—then all in

Over a period of four months I knocked off thirty pounds as a result of my dieting combined with the progressive schedule of exercise. My program consisted of run-walk and sessions of deep knee bends. These exercises were chosen because they're excellent heart and lung conditioners, and I had to know if those organs could regain youthful reactions at my age. Otherwise, there was no chance of reconditioning the rest of my body. Once every seven to ten days I'd stage an all-out session to check progress, and I'd try to go at least one minute past what seemed to be my limit.

I remember one morning determining to run-walk for fifteen minutes on my progressive schedule. I did it, but when I went into the house I was nauseated, trembling, and I had a severe pain in my left side, the first time I'd had one there. I was a very scared guy when Dorothy put the stethoscope to my chest and told me the rate was close to 170. I began to grow panicky, and as I stood there in the recreation room I thought my heart would never slow its thumping. It must have been then that I developed a happy-warrior attitude that later was to help me numerous times.

"If I'm wrong about this whole thing," I said to Dorothy with a sick attempt at a grin, "I want to know now—and fast."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Lloyd," Dorothy said, "nothing's going to happen."

She put the stethoscope on my chest again.

"It's down," she said, "and it's never been steadier."

I felt so exhilarated that I went into twenty-five fast deep knee bends. I was beginning to prove that a man *can* come back.

It wasn't until some time later that Dorothy confessed she'd been far more

concerned about me that day than she'd allowed to show. She's as interested in health and physical education as I, and agreed with me that somebody should learn firsthand whether the fountain of youth belongs only to the youthful.

She showed her apprehension only once, and that was a moment I remember graphically as the worst I ever experienced. It was a cold November night two years ago. By this time in my progressive running I could run-walk

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for forty-five minutes without excessive strain, and I'd begun to wonder how long I could go in an all-out session. On this particular night I was looking out the living-room window when I had the sudden impulse to try right now. I pulled on two pairs of sweat pants, three sweat shirts and a woolen toque and set off down our street in the northeast section of Toronto to a main road that leads to open country. I figured if I ran east for forty-five minutes I'd have to come back and in that way I'd be testing myself for at least an hour and a half.

I ran for forty-five minutes but what I hadn't noticed on this windy gusty night was that most of it had been downhill and that the wind had been at my back. I had just turned to come back when I was suddenly overwhelmed by the fact I was alone in open country, that I'd never run any farther than this before, that I had a severe stitch in my left side and that if I did collapse in this dark lonely stretch of country no one would find me at least until morning. I was very close to panic.

Then I began to talk to myself.

"That pain is nothing," I said. "You've had pains like that before. It's only there because you've been working for forty-five minutes. You've been wanting a challenge like this. Now, come on, kill or cure, you happy warrior, you."

As soon as I succeeded in convincing myself I was all right physically, I was all right mentally. I'd been going to walk back, but now I broke into my jog.

The pain disappeared and my stomach, which had been beginning to churn in the first stages of nausea, settled down. I started to run then, and even though

I was going much of the way uphill and all of it against the wind, I actually got home in forty minutes. And I felt such a sense of exultation when I saw my house that I went another five minutes of repeated speed bursts.

The next day my wife and I covered my route in the car and we clocked it at twelve miles. Running for a streetcar, ha!

Sometimes my worst fears had a humorous tinge. One evening after a particularly strenuous workout I got up from dinner and suddenly cried out as a violent tearing pain seared the left side of my chest. I clutched at it and then realized several chest hairs had caught in my suspenders!

A rewarding progressive improvement came in other exercises. With deep knee bends I did sets of twenty-five, resting for two minutes between each set. One day, about six months into this program, I tried an all-out session and I had done thirty-seven sets of twenty-five each, which works out to nine hundred and twenty-five, when the phone rang. It was a friend with whom I had a luncheon appointment. I sped downtown, but I think I could be doing deep knee bends yet if he hadn't phoned.

Soon I began a schedule of push-ups and pull-ups. I alternated this with workouts on the barbells.

Use it or lose it

Six weeks after I undertook these exercises I began to show a better outline around the shoulders, and my upper body began to take on some semblance of muscled symmetry. I increased my bicep measurement to 14¼ inches from 12¾, and my normal chest measurement by an inch and three quarters. The average Canadian adult male can do 3.2 pull-ups without his eyeballs popping out. After my six months of muscular activity, doing sets of six pull-ups with a two-minute rest between sets, I was able to do seventy-two. I did push-ups in sets of fifteen with the same two-minute rest. The last time I went all-out, I was gasping on the eleventh set—one hundred and fifty-nine push-ups.

All of which proves to me that the middle ages don't have to be the dark ages. The powers of an organically sound human body are astounding if you'll give it a chance. The body is the one machine in the world that improves with use—but you've got to keep using it. What you don't use you lose, as is proven by an arm that starts to wither in a cast.

No one should get the idea that it takes five years to regain good condition. I experimented over that period with everything from restraint to revelry to test my reactions under all conditions. I recognized that an individual situation was not an ideal basis for scientifically sound research.

In my effort to find the best ways of doing exercises—whether to do a long session once a day or to do several short sessions—I took to working by the clock. At one period I was doing half an hour every four hours and I'd let nothing deter me, even social obligations. If we happened to have friends in when the time came to do push-ups or deep knee bends I'd go into the bathroom where I wouldn't disturb anyone to do them.

One evening, though, I particularly wanted to watch the news on television when Larry Henderson delivered it at eleven o'clock. It was during the crisis at Suez, I believe, and as it happened eleven o'clock was also the time I'd been doing my final session of the day.

WITH MEN WHO CAN'T BE VAGUE



Deadly accuracy—nothing less—is demanded of both gun and eye. This is a trait that one who lives by alertness carries over into his daily contacts.

Perhaps that is why you'll often find Haig & Haig Five Star in the picture with men who can't be vague. In ordering Scotch whisky, they naturally name the brand they know through experience to have singular virtues... the original Scotch flavor and gentleness that in 1627 set the standard for all to follow.

DON'T BE VAGUE... SAY HAIG & HAIG
Scotland's FIVE STAR Scotch Whisky

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND - AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES



So, although we had a roomful of people in the recreation room, we turned on the television set to watch Henderson, and I stretched out on the floor and did my sets of sit-ups. My wife accepted my position with her usual equanimity and there was barely a murmur from our guests. From then on I took to watching and working simultaneously every night at eleven.

If I happened to be doing my run-walk routine in staggered periods I'd leave a party at a friend's house to go outdoors for half an hour. I suppose the truth is that most of my friends have learned to take me for the nonconformist I am regarding physical fitness, and nothing really surprises them. Sometimes, for example, they'd see me smoking one cigarette after another at a party, and other times I wouldn't have any. Sometimes I'd eat everything in sight; other times I'd sit nibbling carrots all evening and decline everything else.

It was all part of my effort to learn how various experiments affected my fitness level. I found that when I was exercising and smoking thirty cigarettes a day that my resting heartbeat would be in the mid-eighties. When I was not exercising and was smoking thirty cigarettes a day, my normal rate was ninety. On twenty cigarettes in a sedentary condition, the rate was in the mid-eighties; if I was exercising it was in the high seventies. On six cigarettes when I was not exercising it was in the high seventies and when exercising it was in the high sixties. All of which indicated to me that smokers should work to achieve good heart-lung fitness as a means of combating the effects of smoking.

As a heart attains top condition its beat is slow and steady. The great mile runners, Herb Elliott, Roger Bannister and John Landy, have normal resting rates under fifty, and most well-conditioned athletes are in the low sixties. I've found that when I'm not smoking and not overeating and am exercising that I can get mine as low as fifty-six and because of these experiments I'm convinced that before very long doctors will agree generally that the best preventive of heart disease and coronary thrombosis is primarily regular physical activity and nutrition control.

The overweight problem was the most serious for me — my pulse rate was higher, I had a poorer recovery from effort, and was shorter of breath after exertion. From my experience I'd say that a man twenty-five pounds overweight shows an acceleration of twenty to thirty heartbeats per minute in the simple act of rising to his feet from

sitting in a chair, whereas a fit lean man's increase will likely be six or seven beats per minute.

This is a statement that people are inclined to doubt. I happened to make it to Max Ferguson and John O'Leary, who are interviewers on the television program *Tabloid*, just before we went on the air for a discussion.

"I'll bet mine doesn't increase by more than ten," said Ferguson, a reasonably slender fellow who is perhaps best known to radio listeners in his role as *Rawhide*.

So I took their heartbeats as they sat

in ordinary chairs, and then I took them when they stood up. Both increased by more than twenty beats, and I felt they both worried about it all through the program.

Out of my long experiment I've grown convinced that Max Ferguson and John O'Leary and every Canadian can find a whole bright new attitude toward life if they'll put aside a little time each day for exercise. I don't claim it will add years to anybody's life but I insist that it will add life to everybody's years. And it's an exhilarating experience, I can tell

you, to know that on your next birthday you can actually be physically younger.

Today, at forty-six, I can do things I couldn't do twenty years ago, let alone five years ago when I started this undertaking. For my height I should have had a lean weight of 146. Today I'm carrying maybe three pounds over leanness, but I weigh 158. That means that, in my forties, I've actually added some twelve pounds of muscle to my lean weight. As far as I'm concerned, man's fountain of youth is exercise. And I found out the hard way. ★



Footwear for the well-dressed spaceman

Even a spaceman ready to blast off for Mars at any moment, is still an earth-bound little boy in terms of footwear—as any family's shoe bill will show you. Luckily for everyone concerned, synthetic rubber has entered the constant battle between boy and boot, on the side of the boot. It has more than doubled shoe sole life.

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**TASTES GOOD
—DOES GOOD**

2C-57



My Dad was king of the medicine men continued from page 16

"A lumberjack threw the wrestling bear. 'Foul,' cried my father."

the Shamrock Oil, "for headaches, ear-aches, toothaches, neuralgia, cuts, scalds, sprains, rheumatic aches and pains," sold for fifty cents a bottle. His Tapeworm Remover was three dollars a bottle.

He was born on a lake-fronted farm, a mile from the village of Newboro, Ont., on the light of April 14, 1865. At the age of twelve—his father having lost an arm while blasting stumps—he was obliged to leave school and help work the farm. He put in long hours in the fields, his only relaxation being the time spent in the evenings practicing tightrope walking on the fifteen feet of fence wire he had attached to two trees. Three years later he got a job as cook on a barge, running from Smiths Falls to Chaffey's Locks, and added to his knowledge as a high-wire artist by recklessly walking—often with food-laden trays in hand—the long rope that led from the barge to the tugboat, as it chugged over the blue waters of the Rideau Lakes.

"Once I fell off the rope," he would reminisce, "and the tugboat captain gave me hell because I lost the two plates of baked beans I was carrying."

When he was seventeen, he informed his Irish-born parents that he intended to become a high-wire artist. His mother, who had a brogue you could cut with a knife, fiercely denounced his plans with a sharp: "No good will come of it, you and your wild shenanigans on the wire! You'll get nowhere gaddin' around the country like a gypsy. Remember, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.'"

He went out into the world, met with minor success from the first and started sending home the welcomed bank drafts at regular intervals. In spite of his youth, in five years he paid off the mortgage on the farm, and soon after he was able to build his mother the new home that made her forget her former views on his theatrical aspirations. From then on, when he returned home for the holidays and the Christmas season, she would greet him with:

"Ah, here you are, dressed like a foin gentleman and your pockets filled with money after travelin' around the country. Arrah, but then I always said, 'It's the wandering bee that gets the honey!'"

I can remember him telling me about those days: "As a wire-walker I was never in Blondin's class but I was able to get by. Yet, after several years of barnstorming around the country, I realized that to get at the big money you had to have a show of your own. For a while I was Barker for the Freak Show with Ringling Brothers, and I am probably one of the few men who received a proposal of marriage from a Bearded Lady. I got my first tips on the Med Game after I pen, a season with 'Big-foot' Wallace."

My father and Bigfoot Wallace were two of the fastest thinking minds in North America, and a volume could be written on Bigfoot alone. A handsome man with a brain that could have taken him places if he would have let it, Bigfoot, a practical joker at heart, could not take life seriously and lived for the sheer joy of living.

When lecturing to an audience on an open-air platform and lauding his Wonder Tonic, Bigfoot would frequently guzzle several drinks from one of the

bottles, "to show you good people how easy it is to take and to fortify me to live to be a hundred." The bottle he drank from always contained whisky but the audience had no way of knowing that. After each healthy slug he would set down the bottle, grimace slightly then exclaim: "It's bitter but it's good! Gad, what a medicine!"

In his earlier days, Bigfoot's fondness for poker had caused him to lose a sizeable fortune; on the occasions when he was down on his luck, he would frequently turn to fortune-telling on carnival midways. At Janesville, Wis., a local sheriff had warned him that fortune-telling was taboo in that town; but on "blow-off" night when the carnival was ready to leave town before dawn Bigfoot, broke and desperate, decided to tell a few fortunes. He erected his tiny topless tent at one end of the midway, wrapped a turban around his head and, charging fifty cents a throw, was soon telling the past, present and future. Finally, with an aging spinster sitting before him, he was pointing upwards to the mighty void and saying:

"That star over there tells me you will soon meet a handsome man, while that star there tells me you will come into money. And see that star away over there? It tells me you are going on a little trip..."

The local sheriff chose that instant to walk into the tent, fling back his coat, point a finger to his badge and snap: "And what does that star tell you?"

"That star," answered Bigfoot quietly, "tells me that I am going on a little trip."

When my father went into partnership with Bigfoot Wallace in the summer of 1887 he was twenty-two and Bigfoot was ten years older. Late that fall, business fell off at an alarming rate. No one seemed interested in buying Wonder Tonic. Finally the partners were obliged to fire their three performers and push on alone. Their only attraction was an aged mangy bear which Bigfoot featured with his nightly challenge of "Fifty dollars to any

man who can throw Brutus, the wrasslin' ba-ar!"

They were playing one-night stands in small town halls at the time; with business diminishing they were obliged to cut the rations of the wrasslin' ba-ar and poor Brutus was weak from hunger. One night in a small village in a lumbering district near Bay City, Mich., a giant lumberjack, accepting the challenge, came up on the stage and not only threw Brutus but actually pinned him to the floor.

Standing in the stage wings, the two partners looked on in horror—and with good reason.

To begin with, they didn't have fifty dollars to pay the winner; in fact their worldly wealth consisted of the twenty-odd dollars they had taken in that night at the box office. The audience was chiefly composed of husky lumberjacks who would tear the place down if their friend on the stage was not paid. The partners realized as much; their eyes met for a moment, then the boy from the Rideau Lakes rose to the occasion. Motioning Bigfoot to stay where he was, young Tom Kelley ran out onto the stage and up to the big bruiser who was just rising from the form of the still prostrate bear. He shook a finger under the lumberjack's nose and shouted:

"I saw you, I saw you when you did it! You deliberately kicked that poor bear in the kidneys, and I'm going to have you arrested for cruelty to animals!"

The bluff worked. It turned out the lumberjack had had several run-ins with the law for drunkenness and brawling, and wanted no more of the police. When he heard the threat "I'm going to have you arrested," logic left him. Without a word he turned, leaped over the footlights, landed in the centre aisle, plunged through the nearest exit and hurried off into the darkness.

The next year my father launched out on his own.

The average medicine show carried from six to eight entertainers who knew



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What's for dinner?

When it's four o'clock and I'm stuck, and I don't want to fuss—that's when I open our kitchen cabinet "wine cellar".

I whip together some bits of canapes—salami around gherkins, sliced olives, sardines and cheese on thin crackers—you know the thing. With that, glasses of Bright's Canadian "74" Sherry. After that, spaghetti and cheese or whatever, seems just right.

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SINCE 1874

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FRANCIS BACON (A Rosicrucian)

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their profession and were good at it. Many of them had played, or later did play, the best vaudeville circuits throughout the U.S. and Canada. Versatility was a must, and every spring for nearly forty years, my father's large ad in *Billboard*, the theatrical publication, told his requirements:

"Wanted: Med performers for long, sure season. Must have flashy wardrobe, know what it's all about and change strong for ten nights. No dog or animal acts. Tell all you can and will do in first letter. Money always waiting here and we play towns where you pull the chain. No boozers or chasers."

Two large gasoline torches, later replaced by electric lights, lit up the twenty-foot square, five-foot-high platform, that would be erected in the local ball park, fairgrounds or some large and prominent lot in whatever town or village the show was playing. Behind the platform would be the several small dressing tents of the performers, as well as the slightly larger one, the Office Tent, where the customer-patient could receive "free consultation, examination and advice," during the daytime.

"The Big Free Fun Show"—it was often attended by five or six thousand people—began at 8 p.m., and usually got under way with the appearance of a crack song-and-dance team, such as The Kings, The Gays, Fisk and Kranz or The Dancing Delaneys. The team would usually "do twelve minutes," with songs, dances and comedy patter.

Then Doc Kelley would appear and begin his sometimes hour-long lectures, as he lauded the merits of his remedies. The sale of the Banyan and Shamrock Healing Oil would follow, after which came more vaudeville. Then there were further sales of the remedies and one could purchase East India Tiger Fat, Rosebud Dentifrice, Shamrock Corn Salve and Electric Belts for weak kidneys. The belts were to be "worn around the naked torso during the hours of slumber." And if youth had fled and pep was gone, you could always come around to the Office Tent during the daylight hours and purchase a five-dollar box of Passion Flower Tablets.

The show always concluded with one of the old-time slapstick-comedy medicine-show acts that had audiences of the Twenty-three Skiddoo era in stitches. Each presentation lasted about thirty minutes and included most members of the show. There were such acts as Over the River Charlie, McNulty's Boarding House, Pete in the Well, M^r. Look at Him, A Dollar for a Kiss, Handy Andy and others. And on one night during the show's customary two-week stay in each town, you would be certain to see the old reliable Three O'clock Train. It was a typical medicine-show act about a haunted house, a frightened blackface comedian and a ghost, of such hoary origin that some version of it might have been put on by the Indians to entertain Columbus.

As for the general conception of today, that the old-time medicine show was but an out-and-out, fraudulent enterprise—"tommyrot!" my father would cry. "The medicine show was strictly business and was usually played on the legit by most of the Med Men I knew."

"To be sure, he would admit, "I was occasionally guilty of exaggerating the powers of my remedies, as well as of the wonderful results that could be expected by the purchaser." Then he would lean forward and ask, "But is there a businessman today who pulls his punches when lauding his products? Is there a businessman who has not, at one time or another, when advertising or telling of his wares, exaggerated the truth a bit

or told the odd little fib? Of course not, and the occasional minor deception is just good business; you expect it. It does no harm if it is not carried to extremes."

"What a talker he was!" remembers George Grant, a versatile old trouper, who lives in Toronto and still plays the occasional theatrical engagement despite his more than eighty years. "I worked several seasons with Thomas P. Kelley; was with him more than fifty years ago when he first took his Shamrock Medicine Company to Newfoundland. Most of the inhabitants had never seen a show before, but we packed them in and the medicine sold like hot-cakes. Doc Kelley was the daddy of 'em all."

It was in 1893, in Chicago, when he was twenty-eight, that my father came up with a unique idea for a show—"Kelley's Lady Minstrels." Billed like a circus, his letterheads to opera-house managers informed that it was "The Box Office Boomer" and "a live show that will make money for live managers." *Billboards*, handbills and newspaper ads told the public, well in advance of its appearance, that the show would contain "A Carload of Handsome Girls." It did, in fact, consist of some twenty buxom beauties of the Gay Nineties.

Referee in a cat fight

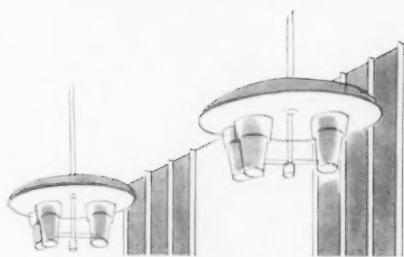
"That show was a gold mine, right from the start, the reason being that it was something different and dazzling, with gorgeous costumes, special scenery and effects," he would often tell. "We played the U.S. from coast to coast, and in just four seasons the Lady Minstrels cleared me well over a hundred thousand dollars. And remember, that was back in the golden days when steaks high on the steer were ten cents a pound, with the butcher throwing in liver for free!"

Then he would shake his head and admit: "Yes, the show was a gold mine, but it was also the damndest heartache ever inflicted upon one man. There were more cat fights and hair-pulling contests than there are stars in the sky. The girls were my responsibility. I was their protector and had to guard them on trains and in hotels, as well as in the opera houses, from the advances and plans of hot-blooded Casanovas. That was the big worry; I rarely got any sleep. Add to that, when you are the sole judge and have to settle all the arguments and fancied wrongs of twenty squabbling, ambitious young women, each of them demanding top billing..."

The Lady Minstrels opened up with a spectacular "first part," with most of the assembly on stage in flashy costumes, while from the pit a four-piece all-girl orchestra—itsself a rarity in those days—gave out with a rousing version of Yankee Doodle.

There were singing specialties, dancing specialties, comedy and novelty acts. There was a farce on the *Battle of Waterloo*; tall and fiery-haired Tossie Nolan would play her "laughing trombone." A huge golden-haired woman, billed as "Freda the Powerful Fraulein," did a strong-arm act, bending iron bars and tearing packs of cards, while dainty and petite Dolly Laird was sure to bring down the house with her finger-in-mouth rendition of, Goo-Goo-Goo—Your Baby Loves Me.

Offstage, however, it seems that Dolly Laird was anything but the cute and lovable little baby she portrayed before her public. At the end of two seasons manager Kelley was fed up with her whims and tantrums. When the show was in rehearsal for the third season and he received her telegram, "I am desirous of



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being starred in your production this year," he sent her the answering wire, "You are alone in your desire."

The big finale for the Lady Minstrels—at least for the first year—depicted the stage as a battleship with the girls dressed as sailors, while the Statue of Liberty towered above them in the distance. After their lively sailor's hornpipe and just before the curtain fell, the girl disguised as the Statue of Liberty would "fly" down to the stage on creaking wires and embrace another dressed as Uncle Sam, while the rest of them stood at attention, flags waved, the orchestra played My Country 'Tis of Thee and the audience cheered wildly.

"The first season I learned, the hard way, the towns that were not safe to play with an all-girl show, back in the Nineties. Mining towns were bad enough, the boys in the gallery didn't soft-pedal their words to the girls on stage, but college towns were worse—a pain in the neck. During the show the air would be blue from the remarks of students who should have known better; several times after the show, when the girls left the theatre, students tried to carry them off to waiting carriages, and once a flock of them came to the hotel where the girls were staying, went up to their rooms and tried to break down the doors. We had to call the police."

Once a well-dressed and distinguished-looking man came to see my father, suggested that the latter allow his girls to attend "a costly banquet where they can make lots of money," and took five one-hundred-dollar bills from his wallet. Kelley told him to "get out of here before I break your damn neck," and it turned out that the would-be host was none other than Stanford White, the famous architect and a notorious wolf, who was later shot and killed by the jealous playboy Harry K. Thaw.

"After four seasons I got fed up, dropped the show and returned to my true love, the Med Game," my father would tell. "Sure, the Lady Minstrels was making me money hand over fist but it was driving me crazy, and what good is money if you wind up as a permanent guest in some nut-house?"

May, June, July, August and September were the five big months for an open-air Med Show. The others had to be spent in small town halls that rarely seated over two hundred; these my father seldom played. "A Med Man has to have at least an audience of a thousand before him to make money. It all boils down to percentage and the number of live ones who will buy," he would explain.

"Out of an audience of a thousand, three hundred are bound to be noisy kids who are there only to see the free show. Allow another hundred for the love-in-bloom group—young girls and fellows, interested only in each other, not in my remedies, and who are just waiting till the show is over so they can walk home in the dark together. That leaves you six hundred to work on, to sell to . . . No, that only leaves you five hundred, for you have to allow for a hundred of the WSADCs—the Won't Spend A Damn Centers who wouldn't give a nickel to see Lady Godiva ride a bicycle."

Regularly every May from 1897 till the time of his death, he traveled throughout the United States and Canada with his Medicine Show till the end of the following September. The other seven months he devoted most of his time to stock companies and male minstrel shows. There was his O'Grady's Tenants comedy company, his Kelley's Colored Forty, a minstrel show, and still later, for several seasons he had his Kelley's Dixie Cotton Pickers. All of those productions

made money; yet when spring came and he saw angleworms on the sidewalk, every other enterprise was shelved and once more his Medicine Show hit the road.

By 1920 my father had discarded all of his theatrical enterprises with the exception of his Medicine Show. Then a wealthy man, when fall came and the show closed he would spend a month fishing on his lake-fronted farm near Newboro, then go south for the winter to his lovely home in Miami Beach.

It was early in the spring of 1925 when he had his first heart attack. He was ordered to take a long rest but he said to me, who had assisted in his various shows since the age of five, with singing, dancing and later musical acts: "There will be plenty of time for rest when I am dead, and I want to die in harness. Come on, Tommy, pick up your fiddle and dancing clogs, we'll leave the land of palms, journey back to dear old Canada and start the Med Show."

12,000 wedding guests

My father, incidentally, was the first Med Man to put local attractions on his stage. Among them was the strong man's contest, the lady's hat contest, the most-popular-woman contest and the old fiddlers' contest. When the old fiddlers' contest was staged in Pembroke, Ont., in the summer of 1930, the crowd was estimated at close to ten thousand. Once in a Wisconsin town, when one of his comedians, Billy King, fell in love with a local girl, my father, quick to see the possibilities of an added attraction, arranged for the couple to be married on the stage. The crowd was twelve thousand.

Then came 1931 and the Shamrock Medicine Company started out for the final season. Even then the Med Game was a dying one, an enterprise that had long outlived its day; few if any other Med Men were on the road but nothing could stop him from doing "just one more season."

We opened up the 1931 season in Belleville, Ont. After a two-week stay

there we went on to Stirling; from there to Marmora where my father had another heart attack. He finally agreed to be driven back to his farm for a rest while I pushed on with the show.

The hungry Thirties were upon the land, dollars were rare as tickets to heaven but I did manage to keep the show out of the red. After six weeks I reached Uxbridge.

Around sundown on the fourth day after arriving there, two men in a car drew up in front of the Mansion House where I was staying. One of them was my father, looking tired and very old. His companion, my uncle from Newboro, said to me: "He should be back at the farm and in bed, but he insisted that I drive him here and you know how he can talk you into doing anything. He said he just had to get back to the show and give one more lecture from the platform before he died!"

But he never did. Ten minutes later he was seized with a weak spell, had to be put to bed and shortly after 9 a.m. on the following morning—July 31, 1931—while a priest, a doctor, my uncle and I stood around his bed, Thomas P. Kelley Sr., the King of the Med Men, passed away.

And the Medicine Show business died with him!

("Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. And now if you will all gather in a little closer where you can see and hear good, we are going to start up our grand free open-air entertainment. Tonight, as on every other night, we have comedy acts, novelty acts and surprises. You will see the Magic Supper of Zodiac, the Disappearing Pony, the young lady on the high wire and the smallest monkey in the world, which I will take from my vest pocket. There will also be two solid hours of side-splitting comedy; you will laugh till you are blue in the face. Later you will have an opportunity to purchase my remedies that will give you long life, strong bodies, good health and—Yes, that's it, gather in closer, folks. Step up a little closer!") ★

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Continued from page 23

Holiday weekend in Ottawa

In the Peace Tower's sublime tranquility, the Fraynes studied one of the two Books of Remembrance.



previous writing assignments and from that bottomless pit of misinformation available to every parent who tries to remember what he was taught at school.

They were most fond of the descriptions of Ottawa's lusty, brawling beginnings, much of which corresponded to the best episodes in their favorite television series. They were delighted that it had started as an army town, so tough that logging men in calked boots fought to the death in its taverns and even the trivial nomination of a chairman of a committee to greet Lord Elgin was so hotly argued that the citizens pulled up stones from the market square and threw them at one another.

With water the only means of transportation in the wilderness, the settlement had formed naturally at the junction of the meandering Rideau River and the massive Ottawa. Iroquois, Huron and Algonquin survivors of their savage wars had moved south, leaving the territory and river to the Ottawa tribe. The first white settler, Philemon Wright, arrived in 1800 from Massachusetts and cleared a hundred acres on the site of what is now Hull. A tycoon-type, he floated the first timber raft to Quebec in 1807 and founded a lumber empire.

The settlement that began to cluster across the river from him was visited some years later by Colonel John By of the Royal Engineers, commissioned by Lord Dalhousie, then governor-in-chief to build a waterway from the Ottawa to Lake Ontario along which military supplies could be moved in safety in the event of another war with the turbulent Americans.

In 1827 both men visited the northern end of the proposed canal and got lost in the woods, from which they were retrieved by an amused search party. By, a haughty-looking man with a crafty arrangement of looped hair over his bald pate, built himself a stone house in what later became Bytown, bought the farm across the street from an Irishman named Nicholas Sparks and set to work on the 123-mile canal, to be called the Rideau Canal and destined to be totally useless for military purposes.

Only eight feet deep, it is now used only in the summer by pleasure boats and is drained in the winter. Its single virtue is decoration but Ottawa has no intention of removing it.

We had planned to start our visit with a motorboat cruise of the canal, reminded by the tourist guide of the imposingly nautical figures of the hucksters who stroll the sidewalk between the Chateau Laurier Hotel and the Parliament Buildings and loudly declare that the next cruise is leaving in a few minutes. The rain made the prospect seem less inviting, however, and over breakfast we discussed indoor tours.

We had arrived very early Saturday

morning after the jolting, staggering train ride from Toronto about which so many members of parliament, hollow-eyed, have complained. We checked into the Parkway Motel—in the Ottawa area there are three times as many motels as hotels—and found adjoining it one of those brisk efficient restaurants that serve brisk and efficient food.

"I like hotels better," Barney confided, over the hamburger he had inexplicably ordered for breakfast.

We eyed him coldly. The last time the family stayed in a hotel we were on the tenth floor and he used the elevator only once, for some curious reason preferring the stairs. The ideal arrangement for a family, especially if the children are small, is rooms that contain a kitchenette. Ottawa has a few of these: the Beacon Arms has suites at \$19.50, the Riverside Motel has family units at \$15. We hadn't considered a hotel, though the castle-like Chateau Laurier that has entertained royalty would have enchanted Jill and the stolid Lord Elgin advertises that children are welcome. If it had been summer, we couldn't have resisted those motels with swimming pools, like the Riverside Gardens or Clearview, charging \$12 and \$10 respectively for a family of four. The Parkway, quite centrally located, cost us \$12 per room, each containing twin double beds.

Mounties close on Sundays

Pondering our next move over breakfast, we immediately encountered a major hazard in touring Ottawa during a weekend. Many of the buildings are closed, among them the Royal Canadian Mint. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks, where the black horses used in the Musical Ride are stabled, closes at noon on Saturday. The barns of the Central Experimental Farm and the Dominion Observatory are closed on Sunday. We decided to begin with the Public Archives and the War Museum, both next door to the inhospitable Mint.

We rented a car, which cost us \$30 for the weekend and seemed to us one of our better investments. We drove slowly through the streets, circling the War Memorial in a route that heroes and kings have taken. Ottawa has known dazzling visitors: Jellicoe fresh from Jutland, the stripling Prince of Wales to lay the cornerstone of the Peace Tower, Marshal Foch and Byng of Vimy, Charles Lindbergh, who landed the Spirit of St. Louis at what is now Uplands Airport, shy George VI who unveiled the war memorial of World War I just in time for World War II, a grinning, waving Franklin Delano Roosevelt, poised Dwight Eisenhower, come to acknowledge a mountain named for him, bubbling Harry Truman, Barbara Ann Scott wearing a tiny umbrella on her hat, Princess

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Elizabeth and Philip, who square-danced at Rideau Hall, more recently Queen Elizabeth and Philip, a fairy-book scene when they rode away from the opening of parliament in an open landau with the sunlight shattering on her jewels.

We found the ponderous stone building that houses the Public Archives, passed along a handsome corridor lined with copper doors into a room as enormous as a grand ballroom, filled with delicate inlaid furniture like John A. Macdonald's desk, medals and ornaments in glass cases, portraits and statues. Hanging on the wall are the now-dull silk flags that soldiers carried into the War of 1812 and others that the Quebec Militia bore in 1775.

Barney discovered a living-room-size scale model of Quebec City at the time of the battle of the Plains of Abraham, constructed in 1812 by a Royal Engineers lieutenant who had copious time on his hands, and complete with fortified walls, streets and homes.

Jennifer stared at the marvelous toy, unable to understand what it was doing in a museum.

Her brother pointed. "That's where Wolfe saw the women washing their clothes," he told her obligingly. "That's how he knew there must be a path up the cliff."

"Oh," said Jennifer, still baffled.

Jill had wandered among the beautiful, as is her custom, from the stark simplicity of the model of Vimy's war monument to Canadian dead to the massive and familiar painting of Wolfe's final moments, half reclining in the grieving arms of his soldiers. We collected her from a rapturous inspection of a marble statue, not identified. "Her face is so sad," she was murmuring, her own face grave.

Next door to the Archives Building is the Canadian War Museum, where Jenny studied a rocket-launcher by fitting her face into its muzzle. The small building is in cramped and cluttered contrast to the spacious elegance of its neighbor. Gun barrels point furiously in all directions, dress uniforms in glass cases are in incongruous juxtaposition with desert-

war jeeps, and military swords with an entire jet aircraft captured from the Luftwaffe.

We had poured over the list of restaurants in the Tourist Guide index. We were familiar with Madame Burger's excellent cuisine in Hull and the hotel dining rooms, the Elgin's rather mundane and the Chateau's formal to an embalming degree. The Red Door and La Touraine are both good eating places but we all relish Italian cooking, so we decided on Imbro's. The food, however, was disappointing.

"Now, let's go to the Parliament Buildings," Barney instructed us cheerfully after lunch.

We stood outside for a while and studied the buildings, their peaked copper roofs moss-greened by time. Inside the main rotunda, called Confederation Hall, we stood on a marble floor marked out in the thirty-two points of a mariner's compass and looked up at the solid whiteness of the main supporting column, symbolizing the Mother Country, and the ribbed walls of the provinces arching to the vaulted carved ceiling high above.

An average of five thousand tourists a day in the holiday season pour through the buildings. This accounts for the unfortunate carnival atmosphere that pervades its dignity on busy days. The noble halls resound to cries of "Hold the elevator!" and "Shirley! Do you want some postcards!" and the gold-framed portraits of wise and sad statesmen look down on women threatening their children with a smack if they do that one more time.

Harried by shouted commands to "Hurry up there!" and "Join the tour!" we nevertheless managed to see most of the buildings, which contain four hundred and ninety rooms, including the stately red-carpeted Senate chamber hung with soft-toned paintings of World War I scenes under a gold-leaf ceiling and the octagonal library where half a million glowing volumes look on a starkly white statue of a slender young Victoria.

We evaded the guards long enough to stop all alone in the House of Commons chamber and admire the grandness of the Speaker's chair, a throne made of oak



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"The bigger Ottawa hotels have cocktail lounges. But for an evening out, most people go to Hull."

from the roof of Westminster Hall and Nelson's flagship Victory, and the high ceiling covered in Irish linen. Jennifer and Jill sat at the front desks but Barney was content to stare.

"Churchill spoke here, right at the worst time of the war," their father told them.

"What did he say?" whispered Barney. The adults searched their memories.

"He said," recalled his father, "that Hitler and his lousy gang have sown the wind, let them reap the whirlwind."

"He didn't really say 'lousy gang,'" objected Jill.

"Yes he did," we insisted.

"Move along there," yelled a guide sharply.

We moved to the Memorial Chamber, where two Books of Remembrance now

lie open on white stone altars, their pages that list Canadian war dead turned every day in a somber ceremony by a white-gloved attendant. The floor, studded with brass plates engraved with the names of bloody battles, is of stone and marble from France and Belgium. The light enters gently through tall lance-like stained-glass windows. The walls are carved with heroic sentiment and, when visitors

are not harried, a sublime tranquility fills the small room.

We wanted to have dinner in a French restaurant so we picked La Savoie in Hull. It occupies several rooms of an old farmhouse and we ate upstairs by candlelight. The food was marvelous, served with a sparkling pink wine and Gallic courtesy.

It was bedtime when we got back to the motel. Jill was appointed sitter, a role with which she is familiar, and the adult Fraynes left on a scientific investigation of Ottawa and Hull night life with some resident friends, Mary and Doug Quirt.

"There are cocktail lounges in the bigger Ottawa hotels of course," Doug explained to us, "and dinner dances at the Chateau. But most people go to Hull for an evening out, usually to the golf clubs."

"Golf clubs?"

"Sure, you don't have to be a member. There's a cover charge and dancing and even a floor show. Come on, we'll show you."

We made two stops, one at the Circus Room of the Ottawa House Hotel, where a good jazz group often plays. It was quiet this night, so we drove to the lively head-splitting clamor of the Gatineau Golf and Country Club, a barn-like room floored in black and white squares. "There are other places like this," Doug shouted over the din of a brassy band. "The Chaudière and the Fairmount. There are even places where I won't take Mary. Hull is very lively." We expressed agreement, in pantomime.

Embassies with accents

The next morning we began the Scenic Drive indicated in the guide book and marked sporadically on lamp posts. As we got under way Barney observed glumly, "I don't think this is much of a capital. It looks like any other place."

Jill was indignant. "After all, Barney, it is a capital city, where people have homes and stores just like any other place. You can't expect beautiful buildings all by themselves."

Said Barney stubbornly, "A capital should be more than just a city."

We drove past the Parliament Buildings, sleepy-looking in the Sunday morning calm, and the Bank of Canada, where most of the gold in the country is stored with multitudinous precautions in a sub-basement.

We stopped at the Central Experimental Farm, where Jennifer tore up grass to feed some phlegmatic sheep and Jill pranced in front of a penned bull, calling "Hey, Toro. What's doing, Ferdinand?" The bull watched her patiently until, abruptly full of pity, she stopped.

We drove by the embassies, marveling at how they corresponded to our impressions of their countries. The Mexican embassy was rococo, the French elegant, the German modern and forceful, the Soviet harsh, the United States mildly imposing. We stopped for a moment at the Roman Catholic Basilica whose twin spires used to serve as a guide for lumbermen steering logbooms. We tiptoed into the back of the church and observed part of a High Mass. Jill emerged whispering, "The ceiling is pure gold." Even Barney was impressed. "That's really something," he observed emphatically.

We drove slowly through the grounds of Rideau Hall, where the governor-general lives and the giant stone-floored kitchen is hung with glowing copper pans.

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We stopped again before the majestically modern new City Hall, opened last summer by Princess Margaret, and stopped again when we discovered Jennifer was talking to a grasshopper she was holding. We pointed out the charming stone house in which the prime minister now lives, the rough-walled former home of John A. Macdonald, father of Confederation ("1867," said Jill simply) and the Victorian stiffness of Laurier House, home of two prime ministers, Wilfrid Laurier and Mackenzie King, and now a national showplace.

After lunch at the motel, and a partial collapse by the adults, we set out for the National Gallery and the National Museum, which our children consider a very high form of entertainment. They ran ahead of us into the gloomy old buildings with springy little hops of jubilation.

The gallery, soon to be moved into a new building, is so elderly that the floors are crooked but the pictures are brilliant. Tom Thomson's *The Jack Pine* caused Barney to become quite agitated because some of the paint has cracked away, exposing the canvas beneath. "Sir, did you know this needs fixing?" he said to an attendant. He was thanked with bitter coldness.

Jill was excited by Varley's *Gipsy Head* and by Riopelle's *Knight Watch* and annoyed by Borduas' black and white blocks called *Sea Gull*. Jennifer planted herself in front of Kriehoff's *Winter Landscape* and couldn't be moved. "Why do you like it?" we asked. "It has horses," she explained, without taking her eyes from the canvas.

At the insistence of the photographer who was taking pictures for this article and who felt our trip to the Parliament Buildings had been a failure photographically, we returned for a final visit. He posed the children with a self-conscious Mountie guard. To ease the awkwardness, their father asked casually, "How many times a day do you have your picture taken?"

"About one hundred and fifty times an hour in the summer months," replied the Mountie, Ken McDonnell of Montreal.

"And what question do they ask you most?"

"How many times a day do I have my picture taken."

The souvenir shops were closed but we found some small gifts in the Chateau newsstand. Barney picked a City of Ottawa spoon for his last year's teacher and Jill selected a salt spoon for a girl friend and a maple-leaf brooch for herself. Jennifer has no sense of the appropriate. As her souvenir of the national capital, she chose a brown and yellow plush horse.

We ended the day with a Chinese meal, a cinch to find in Ottawa where even the Café Champlain on the site of an old Indian trail is a Chinese restaurant. We picked the Canton Inn, on the advice of locals like the Quirts and Maclean's resident editor Peter Newman. The meal was a triumph, one of the best Chinese meals we have ever eaten and the cheapest.

We drove back to the motel along black streets glossy as patent leather in the rain. Jennifer was sleepily launching her campaign, destined to be a failure, for permission to have an upper berth. The rest of us looked at the Parliament Buildings, illuminated in the blackness and looking very strong and sure of themselves. Jill was transfixed and Barney fidgeted a moment and then rolled down the car window so he could lean out and see them longer. He sank back, his head streaked with rain, and said, to no one in particular, "Pretty neat." ★

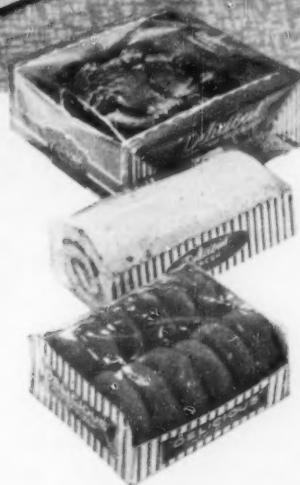


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The woman who can do anything continued from page 19

"When her husband was in the lumber camps, she was a farmer. One year she made \$1,240."

and carrots and corn and peas, and we made homemade beans, and bought ice-cream roll for dessert. The women in the parish cooked the turkeys and I spent a whole day slicing them. Then I prepared two banquets for the church

in Espanola, and three ordination dinners, and a picnic for my own church, and twice in the summer I catered for wedding banquets three days in a row."

The telephone rang and she excused herself to answer it. One of her friends,

it appeared, was ready to buy half a calf if she would buy the other half.

Back in her rocking chair again, Madame Labine gave me character clue No. 2: She is a good provider and fortunate are her foster children.

She was saying, "Last winter I bought a five-hundred-and-twenty-six-pound cow and some pork and it was gone in seven months. We have two hundred and thirty pounds of veal in my big freezer right now. I buy a hundred pounds of beans at one time, and twenty pounds of shortening, and thirty pounds of peanut butter, and a dozen cases of corn and tomato juice and tomato soup (I make my own pea soup) and four hundred loaves of bread. I fill the freezer with bread and sell the remaining loaves to my neighbors at three for twenty-nine cents, the same price they cost me. The children drink four quarts of milk a day. Their favorite foods are spaghetti and cabbage rolls and home-baked beans with a chunk of fat pork in them for flavor. It's important that growing children should eat well."

Even as she spoke, seven healthy-looking youngsters trooped in the side door, removed their snowy overcoats, washed their hands at the sink, nodded a polite hello in our direction, and jostled into place at the table, where Germaine was ladling out a rich beef stew.

Listening to their chatter, Madame Labine said thoughtfully, "I don't know what gets into people to give their children away. I wouldn't have done that. Germaine and I never leave these children alone. They're good children, and we're willing to work hard to see they don't go astray."

A queen and her family

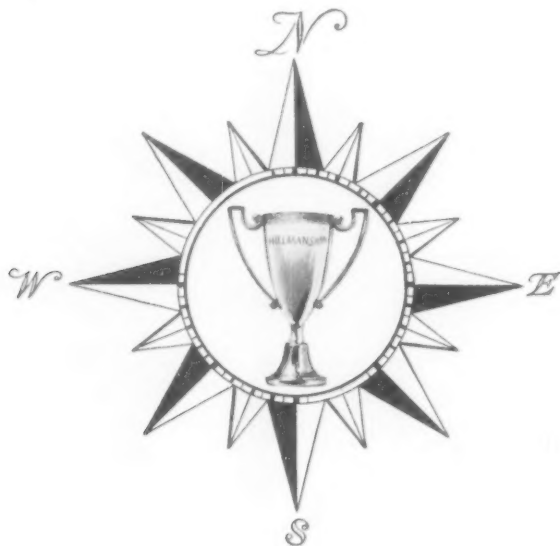
According to those who know her best, Malvina Menard has always worked hard. She was thirteen when she left home to work as a nursemaid in Sudbury and nineteen when she married a young blacksmith named Joseph Labine. They settled down in a small shack on a few acres of flat farmland, twelve miles from Azilda, in Rayside County. In the next twenty-nine years she gave birth to twenty babies. Four died in their infancy. Six sons (Romeo, Gerrard, Robert, Leo-Paul, Raymond and Bernard) and ten daughters (Yvonne, Germaine, Lucienne, Aline, Laurette, Lorraine, Adrienne, Jeanne, Thérèse and Claire) still survive.

Too many children? She never thought so.

"When I went to Mass on Sunday with all of them walking behind me, I felt like a queen," she says.

She didn't have a queen's life. During six months of the year when her husband was off in the lumber camps, she was the family farmer. Each spring, she sowed a garden of one acre that she could hoe herself. One year she made \$1,240 profit from its produce. She milked cows, baked bread, lugged buckets of water up the hill, heated them in big boilers on a wood stove and gave every child a Saturday-night bath. Twice a week in summer she climbed out of bed at 3 a.m. and worked in the cucumber patch till dawn, an old oat bag tied around her waist. (When it was full, by her reckoning, it was a bushel.) Then she piled fruit and vegetables and eggs into her rickety old truck and headed for the Sudbury market. Whoever arrived first got the best vendor's stall, next to the butcher. She always arrived first.

Joseph Labine was a good man, but cautious. For years he saved lumber to



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build a house, but then he decided to build a barn for his eight horses and cows instead. The house would come next, he promised.

That was how things stood one morning in 1941 when he set off for the market. Madame Labine stayed home that day with her new baby (as she puts it in her colorful English, "When you have your twentieth child you don't come out of bed like a cork pops out of water!"). Her friend, Madame Sara Trothier, recalls bumping into Joseph Labine as he emerged from the market cafeteria at noon. He was a big, jovial man who weighed two hundred and eighty-six pounds and enjoyed his food. He told Madame Trothier, "Well, if I die today at least I had a good meal!" Two hours later he dropped dead of a heart attack.

Malvina Labine thus became a widow at forty-seven, with nine children under sixteen to support, and nothing but debts. The shack was so old that snow came in the windows. The children crowded around the stove hoping to warm themselves for the long march to school, but what heat the stove gave out the draughts along the floor dissipated.

Another woman might have called it quits, but not Madame Labine. She traded five of the horses as down payment on a tractor and scrapped the old jalopy with the dangerous brakes for a new truck, payments to be carried by her three oldest sons who had just found work in the mines.

Then she turned her attention to the house.

Her daughter Laurette recalls the day her mother called the family together and told them, "Tomorrow I'm bringing the stuff to market and I'm going to see Monsieur Labarge (the lumber dealer). Watch for me when I come back. If I've made a deal, I'll toot the horn and that means we'll tear down the old house and build a new one."

"We waited and we heard the horn," Laurette says. "Fifteen minutes later the chimney was down. I still don't know how it was done."

Madame Labine was determined to have a good basement, so the boys got explosives and blasted away enough rocky terrain to build a cement foundation. The school board gave permission for the three oldest girls to stay home and help their mother build the house. A carpenter brother-in-law donated services and advice for fifty-five days at five dollars a day, but it was Malvina Labine who directed operations and did most of the heavy work, sawing lumber, hoisting two-by-fours, pounding in nails, laying hardwood floors.

The only time she slipped up was when she put hot lime instead of hydrated

lime in the shavings for insulation, with the result that when it rained the house caught fire. Her son Gerrard, now a garage owner in Sudbury, says, "We were all sleeping in the grain shed and I had to take the alarm clock to bed with me and wake up every hour to make sure the house wasn't on fire. One morning I didn't wake up until 10 o'clock, and five men with fire hoses were fighting the flames. We had to take the boards off and let the lime out."

By the end of September, they had moved into the house, but it wasn't until

late November that they got the brick siding on. Since they had no more money, the house stayed unfinished inside until the following summer, when the whole family picked potatoes for their neighbors and spent their wages on paint. Then, as the girls crack-filled the Gyproc and enameled the four upstairs bedrooms, Madame Labine rolled up her sleeves and skilfully papered the downstairs. The only job beyond her was the construction of an outdoor steambath where the children could scrub up after a day in the fields. A

Scandinavian workman built her one for seventy-five dollars.

Now that she was a widow, she worked harder than ever. She pressed hay, threshed grain, picked potatoes, hoed her one-acre garden, cooked meals, sewed, and knitted warm winter clothes. Once she and Germaine earned fifty-five dollars helping workmen install a heavy culvert, and when a janitor was needed for the new school Madame Labine applied and got the job.

"It wasn't human the work my mother did!" marvels her daughter Adrienne.



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She knew a spot where succulent raspberries grew, and she'd pick them at night and start selling at dawn. By 9 a.m. they'd be gone, and Leo-Paul would be despatched home to the berry patch where his sisters were gathering a second load. One summer they made two hundred dollars on black currants alone.

When it came to training her children, Madame Labine enforced strict rules. The young Labines were expected to attend church, pray devoutly, make themselves useful, help one another, and do what they were told without argument.

If a child carelessly tore his clothes, he was made to sit down and mend them. If he misbehaved, he was punished at once. She discouraged her sons from smoking, but when she discovered them in the barn passing around cigarettes she invited them into the house. Her daughters were brought up to believe that smoking and drinking were for men only.

"I'm lucky in my children," Madame Labine says. "All my daughters are good girls, and my married sons, thank God, are crazy about their wives."

Her children recall that she never showed favoritism. When eleven of them married in seven years she gave each one the same send-off: a big celebration with turkey and vegetables and pickles and pies and ice cream. After an early nuptial Mass the wedding party would return to the big farmhouse for breakfast, then off to the photographer's for the wedding portraits, then home again for another bite to eat, and then the long afternoon filled with dancing and joking and singing, leading up to the big dinner laid out on the best tablecloth

and centred by the towering bride's cake. With mother at the piano and Leo-Paul or Gerrard on violin, and Jeanne on guitar, and Romeo on clarinet or sax—for they were all natural musicians and had accumulated an assortment of second-hand instruments over the years—they had no need to hire an orchestra.

Almost before she realized it, all her children except Germaine and young Bernard were married and gone. The big farmhouse seemed empty and meaningless. That's when she decided to take in foster children.

Daniel Fenny, executive director of the Sudbury Children's Aid Society, says "This is a family-loving community and plenty of middle-aged women apply for foster children when their own families are grown up and married."

What made Madame Labine's case unusual was that she applied for four at once. Two months after her youngest daughter's wedding she had installed a family of two brothers and two sisters in her home; six months after that she had found room for four others. It was almost like having her own children back again.

Over the years, the Children's Aid Society has had the best of relations with Madame Labine, whom they regard as a warm, understanding person with a lot of common sense. A case worker who has known her for ten years says, "She got around thirty dollars a month for each child in her care, but she was never in it for the money. Whenever I had a problem child I thought immediately of her. She was a real grandmother type, the kind that gives kids little bits of dough when she bakes. I remember when one troubled little boy confided that he'd never gone fishing, she bought him a fine new rod and delegated one of the older lads to take him down to the creek. When a little girl set her heart on a winter coat that cost more than the budget provided, she chipped in four dollars from her own purse. She kept in touch with their teachers, and checked on their homework, and Saturdays she'd pack them into the truck and take them to a Bingo or a church picnic. Sunday morning saw



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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Quebec editor Ken Lefolli blends his colorful prose with some striking full-color photographs to tell the story of

MOUNT ROYAL'S VALIANT STAND AGAINST PROGRESS

How one of our best-known and best-loved landmarks has withstood the invasions of time and traffic—though it splits our biggest city up the middle

ON THE NEWSSTANDS
MARCH 17

them all lined up for Communion. It's considerable training for a Catholic child to live in her home."

The Church has always loomed large in Grannie Labine's life. On its behalf, she has sold raffle tickets, organized bazaars, arranged Bingo games, cooked innumerable dinners. For six years she was president of the local Catholic women's organization, and she spearheaded the drive for funds for a new rectory.

The only time her children ever saw her cry was when one daughter wrote home that she was marrying a Protestant. Finally Madame Labine dried her tears and decided to leave it to the Blessed Virgin, to whom she has great devotion. She organized the whole family in a round of prayers and novenas, and after a year they received word that the son-in-law had become a convert!

For years, Madame Labine's dearest wish has been to go to Rome and see the Pope. Last spring, she had saved up \$2,200, but she decided to pay off the mortgage on her house in Azilda instead. "I felt more comfortable that way," she explains.

Until last November, she had no political aspirations, although she had spent all her life in Azilda and was thoroughly acquainted with township affairs.

She throws clean dirt

To realize what she stepped into, it is necessary to know something of Rayside, a township of thirty-six square miles, northwest of Sudbury, of which Azilda is the hub. Ten years ago a farming community, today Rayside is practically a suburb of the city. In six years its population has jumped from 1,460 to 3,790, and its interests are reflected in such Sudbury Star news stories as: Azilda Passes Curfew Law for Children, Wild Fowl Sanctuary Considered for Azilda, Dog Sled Derby Coming to Azilda, St. Jean Baptiste Day Celebrated with 25 Floats in Azilda, Volunteers raise \$15,000 for New Azilda School, Fire Brigade Organized for Azilda, and Principal of Bilingual School in Azilda Denies English Pupils Taught Prayers in French.

Over this colorful community, until Grannie Labine came along, presided Tyne Castonguay, onetime school principal who has lately devoted his talents to running a patent-medicine business.

When she was asked to run against Castonguay for reeve, Madame Labine thought it was a huge joke. But, after consideration, she consented.

"Some people throw an awful lot of dirt at other people when they get into politics. Some day they'll get it all back on their own heads, but it won't be from me. I intend to fight a clean fight," she told her cheering supporters.

Nevertheless, dirt—good clean dirt, that is—played its part in her campaign. Culverts and ditches are important issues in the country, and last year Grannie Labine built her own culvert and braced it with muck from the smelters at Copper Cliff at fourteen dollars a load. When people stopped to stare and ask "Why are you doing this hard work yourself?" she told them characteristically, "I am doing it myself so I will know how to do it." Later, a road gang widened Azilda ditches and propped up her displaced culvert with light dusty sand at five dollars a load. Grannie Labine was furious. "Muck costs more, but it stays where you put it," she told reporters, and at least one newspaper story was headed, More Muck in Ditches if Azilda Widow Wins.

Election night found Madame Labine setting out sandwiches and cakes and

doughnuts and coffee in the town hall for campaign workers of both sides, at her own expense. "Win or lose, I'll have a party," she had sworn. An unprecedented turnout of women voters swung the tide her way on the last poll and when the defeated Castonguay shook her hand and told the press "Madame Labine is a fine lady whom I've always admired" she learned she was the new reeve by a majority of sixty-eight votes.

An hour later, in line with French-Canadian custom, bonfires were burning in front of the homes of the defeated

candidates for council. The biggest blaze of all illuminated the front of Tyne Castonguay's Patent Medicine and Confectionery Store.

Now that she's reeve, Malvina Labine has her work cut out for her. There are trees and flowers to be planted in the civic centre, gravel to go on the shore of a nearby swimming hole, amalgamation with neighboring townships to discuss, roads to improve and, above all, people to be helped.

How she'll do it remains to be seen. Her admirers have no doubts.

Dan Fenny of the Children's Aid Society says, "She'll be more concerned about people than about the budget" and Philippe Lefebvre, the butcher who worked alongside her at the market for thirty-six years, says, "She's going to be the best reeve Rayside ever had." Townspeople testify to her honesty and good intentions. But the supreme accolade comes from her son Gerrard.

"Mama can do anything," he says proudly. "I predict she'll improve the whole township and take the taxes down too." ★

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London Letter

Continued from page 10

been my escape from reality through the long years? Not only would it be too big for the flat but the piano could not get into it. Yet by a lucky chance we solved this problem two days later when we went to spend the weekend at a country house which is almost as large as the Toronto Armouries.

There we discovered an English baby grand piano, pleasant of tone and graceful in design, but all too small for the vast room in which it was placed. Why not swap? And so the bargain was struck. Good-by, dear Bechstein, and thanks for the countless hours that we communed together. A four-legged aristocrat has left St. John's Wood for a palatial country house built in the days when England ruled the waves and pretty well everything else. In our new flat we shall have a piano with all the worthy but modest qualities of the British character today.

In fact the whole affair has resulted in a marital separation, although no divorce. My wife, in the role of commander-in-chief, and a friend of hers who is an expert on everything to do with painting, altering, and hangings in a flat, start out in the morning and return exhausted but jubilant in the evening.

In the wilds of London!

"Don't you think this will look lovely in the bathroom?" they almost shout as they unroll a wallpaper that looks like a firmament of green grass and shining stars. To me it seems fitting for the boudoir of La Pompadour. "Now, darling," says my wife, "we shall show you your den where you can write and keep your books. And we'll hang Disraeli on that wall so you will be happy."

Was it too late for one last plea for the clipper picture? It was. Farewell sweet sailing ship on your endless, timeless journey. You're going to do a little bit of traveling now on dry land. I hope that you will come safely to harbor.

"Look at the lovely view from your window," said my wife. And there, on the opposite side of the road before my eyes, was a tiny garden leading into an enchanted wood. What an amazing place London is!

"What about the domestics?" I asked. But this needs a word of explanation. The domestic-servant situation is difficult in these democratic times when even in England a man is as good as his master, if not better, and a female servant is worth her weight in jewels.

About a year ago we experienced a difficult problem when the last of our domestics retired on a pension and became only a part-time assistant. The women readers of Maclean's will understand that a big house on four floors, built in the reign of Good Queen Victoria, is not an easy proposition for a lone housewife to handle. In fact it is impossible.

But in the moment of crisis the ambassador's valet at the Spanish embassy telephoned to ask if we would like to have a young Spanish couple who had just emigrated to England. So up came a pretty young brunette and her swarthy, good-looking husband. Their names are



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Luis and Margareta and they speak almost no English.

You will remember that Byron wrote a poem in which a handsome young man and a beautiful young woman were wrecked on a desert island. Their only language was love and, as a result, they were deliriously happy. Then, if I remember correctly, they learned some words and the happiness was no longer perfect.

When Luis drives me to the House of Commons in our modest car he leaps out, opens the door, and nearly sweeps the ground with his semi-cadet cap. "Call for me here, ten o'clock tonight," I say. "Here. Ten o'clock tonight."

"That's alright," says Luis all in one word. Fortunately my secretary works during the day at our house and answers the telephone, but our friends who call up in the evening when we are out have strange experiences. According to their description the conversation goes like this:

"Is Sir Beverley there?"
"OCOLOBITUS." (Or so it sounds, they say.)

"I beg your pardon?"
"OCOLOBITUS."

On such occasions as I lunch at home alone Luis serves the meal and then, when I adjourn to the morning room for coffee, he says: "Tosca?" Once I asked him to put on the gramophone record of the opening of the last act of Puccini's masterpiece and Luis obviously decided that this was part of the family ritual. It is a case of coffee and Tosca with no prospect of a change.

So now it is no mere *au revoir* to the house where we lived for a quarter of a century, but *adieu*. No longer will we sit in the garden on a summer's day and hear the distant exultant shout from Lord's cricket ground when England scores another run. Never again will we watch the giant pear tree burst into blossom as if it were celebrating the marriage of a Juliet.

It is good-by to the garden wall which separated us from our next-door neighbor and which still shows where part of the wall collapsed from the concussion of a nearby bomb in the Blitz.

It is good-by to the house opposite where, during the war, I used to play three-handed bridge with a little Scottish doctor, and Alexander Fleming who gave penicillin to a suffering world.

No longer in my daily walk up the terrace will I pause at the church at the corner just north of our house and look at the fading engraved names on a stone memorial of the young men of the parish who gave their lives in two wars. The rain and the wind have almost obliterated the names as if there were no place for memory or grief.

I am glad that the giant pear tree is gaunt and leafless. In fact the tree is not unlike a ghostly gibbet waiting for the execution squad. And I am glad that the sky is grey and sunless.

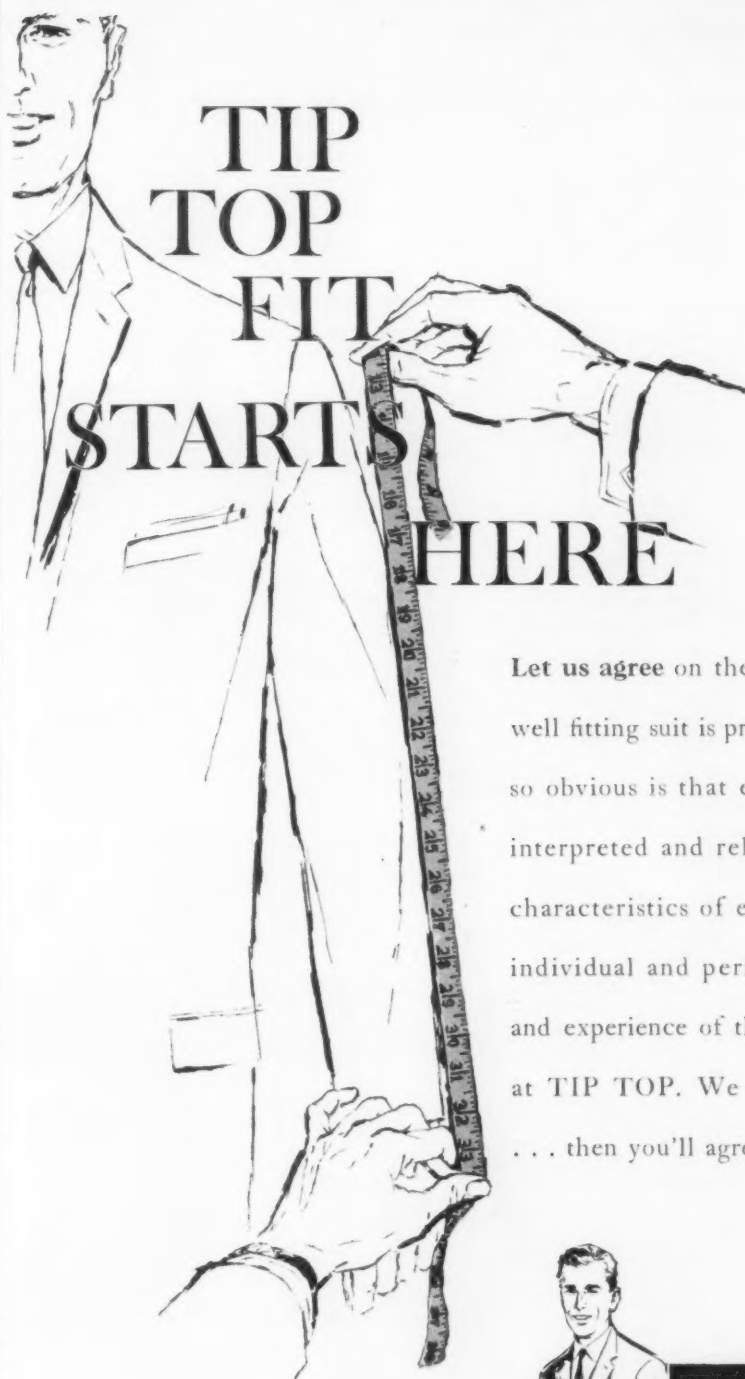
The Baxters, plus their miniature Spanish armada, will soon have begun the journey from which there is no return. "Luis — pour me a whisky and soda."

"OCOLOBITUS." ★

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STORES AND DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST



For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"An agreement might result in positive good for Canada . . . but a crime has been committed"

would have been surprised to reach a conclusion that gave such an odd meaning to the plain language of the act. But he could do nothing about it. The law, unless Parliament changed it, required him to find that free competition is the

right of everyone and any agreement which curtails competition over a sufficiently wide area is illegal. Such an agreement might result in positive good for Canada, it might result in better or cheaper commodities for consumers, it

might preserve jobs for Canadians, it might support national economic policies—none of these things matter and indeed (so said a judge of our highest court) all of them are irrelevant in determining guilt. Free competition is the thing; if

competition is substantially curtailed, a crime has been committed.

How valid is this competitive test as the sole yardstick for the regulation of business practices? Do we really believe today in the virtues of competition and apply our belief generally in our economic affairs? To answer these questions we might look quickly at various segments of Canadian economic life.

Out of a long-standing respect for those who are our ultimate masters, I will begin with the civil service. In 1890, when the first anti-combines law was passed, the public service was a hazardous occupation, subject to the whims of political favoritism and changes in the mood of the electorate. This insecurity of life for our civil service has been steadily reduced until today it has been virtually eliminated. And this seems to be generally approved by Canadians who want to see the excellence of our public service maintained and strengthened. But the point is that over this considerable area of influence and this substantial number of bodies competition has almost disappeared. In the result, those civil servants who are responsible for the administration of laws to preserve competition have almost no experience of competitive forces in their daily lives. This is an odd fact that merits a moment's reflection.

Now let us consider the teaching profession. We have about 135,000 teachers in Canada, who have a position of strategic importance and influence over the lives of present and future Canadians. This too was a hazardous and insecure occupation, not so many years ago. Today the tenure of academic posts is much more secure and adequate, and this elimination of conventional competition is generally approved and accepted.

Next take two other large classes in Canadian life—farmers and members of labor unions. Both these important groups, in the search for greater stability and improvement in their lot, have successfully eliminated competition in the conventional sense from their affairs. Both are effectively exempted from the operation of the anti-combines statutes. For labor the exemption is specific; Sec. 409 (2) of the Criminal Code says, "The purposes of a trade union are not, by reason only that they are in restraint of trade, unlawful within the meaning of (this section)." This seems to say that it is quite all right for labor unions to restrain trade. For farmers, a variety of marketing acts has suspended the application of the anti-combines laws to the majority of sales by farmers.

Lawyers can without fear or shame make legal agreements as to the prices they charge for their services and scales of charges are discussed, agreed and published by the impeccably respectable provincial Law Societies. The same applies to other professions and to the quasi-professions of banking, trust-company business, the small loan companies, insurance and bond and stock deals. There is nothing to prevent agreements on such matters as the scale of interest rates or the commissions on bond and share issues or purchases.

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on matters of price. The whole field of Canada's export trade is a large and important area to which the anti-combines laws do not apply. There are sound economic reasons for such an exception for international trade. These reasons are recognized also in American law but for Canada, with its heavy dependence on export trade, the exception is relatively much more important.

We are thus left with a relatively small segment of Canadian economic life in which restraints on competition fall within the strictures of the criminal law. Is it a valid test under today's conditions? If—as I believe—there should be regulation of business practices, is the proper criterion the preservation of free competition which has been greatly eroded or eliminated in other areas of our economic life?

To answer these questions one approach would be to examine recent cases and try to see if there was any evidence that some tangible public good had been achieved by the long succession of criminal prosecutions against Canadian industries. Without going into detail here, I can say I have done so recently. I asked myself such questions as these: Did anyone, as a result of these cases, get a better job? Did he get steadier employment? Did any company improve in financial strength or public vigor? Did any consumer get a cheaper or more useful or less shoddy article? Did any community become a healthier or more pleasant place in which to live? Was any unity or cohesion added to the Canadian economy, to strengthen our industrial fabric?

Not the fines—the effect

I can only say that I could find little evidence of any tangible good for Canada from the considerable expenditure of effort and money on these cases and a good deal of evidence that they have done us harm. I am not greatly concerned with the irritations and fines and legal expenses suffered by those industries that have been prosecuted. The real concern must be the effect of these laws on the Canadian economy as a whole.

I believe that, as a nation faced with today's economic and political facts both within Canada and in the world, we cannot afford the luxury of continuing laws that reduce our strength, weaken our power and damage our unity. There are, I think, two compelling and urgent reasons why the present test of free competition as the basis for our anti-combines laws should be eliminated. We have a special kind of economy in Canada. It is not the same as the British or the American and British and American solutions are unlikely to prove satisfactory for an economy that is unique and that we wish to keep unique.

The first is a domestic reason. It is only by a stretch of the normal meaning of words that the Canadian economy can be described as a "free enterprise" economy. With its heavy dependence on exports and its emphasis on the development of natural resources, it is a mixed economy with both public and private participants. For such a system, it is essential that government and business and labor should be able to work together—intelligently and openly in the national interest. Such necessary collaboration between the first two is today made difficult or impossible by the operation of our anti-combines laws.

A number of examples could be given. At the Commonwealth Economic Conference in September 1958 the Canadian government agreed (paragraph 44 of the final report) "to participate in an examination . . . on a commodity by com-

modity basis, with a view to arriving, whenever necessary, at understanding about how best, consistently with a recognition of long-term trends in supply and demand, short-term price fluctuations could be moderated." The report goes on to say that "it may be desirable and practicable to concert action to bring about greater stability in the trading conditions of a particular commodity." If short-term price fluctuations are bad and price stability is desirable in trade between Commonwealth countries, how can the reverse be true in domestic trade?

We are faced today with serious unemployment. All parties are committed to do what they can to increase employment and, at least, try to prevent unemployment becoming worse. At the same time we have excess productive capacity in many industries. When this occurs, if the forces of free competition are allowed to operate, it is inevitable that production will be concentrated in fewer places, the weaker units will fail or suspend operations, their employees will be added to the unemployment rolls. For Canada such recessions as we have

had in the past two years are likely to be temporary and we will need in our expanding economy productive resources which may, in the meantime, be destroyed by competitive forces. Under our constitution there is little that the federal government can do about this problem. But a short-term agreement by an industry to spread the available business and to preserve jobs would ease the impact of a recession, would reduce the human wastes of unemployment and the public costs of relief and would preserve needed productive assets. Such an agreement is



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Catholics Thank God There IS a Purgatory

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You may contend, as many do, that Purgatory is not mentioned in the Bible. You may have heard that it is nothing more than a cunning fable, designed by the Catholic priesthood to frighten and deceive the faithful. You may have been told that the Apostles and the early Christians did not believe in Purgatory.

It is true, of course, that the Bible does not mention the word Purgatory, any more than it does numerous other words and terms commonly accepted by all Christians. But it *does* clearly indicate that there is such a place of satisfaction for sin and the temporal punishment due to it after death but before the general judgment.

"Fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is," wrote St. Paul (1 Corinthians 3: 13-15) ... and even though his work shall be "burned," the man himself "shall be saved, yet so as by fire." Paul himself observed the custom of praying for the dead: "The Lord grant unto him (Onesiphorus) to find mercy of the Lord in that day" (2 Timothy 1: 18). The "fires" that try a man's work are certainly not to be found on earth or in heaven, and the fires of hell do not save. Would Paul have prayed for Onesiphorus, then dead, if he believed the soul of his departed co-worker was beyond help?

Millions of people departed this life with no serious sins on their souls, and we know (Proverbs 24:16) that even the just man has his small failings. God would not deny them heaven, nor would He condemn them to everlasting punishment. Therefore, as nothing defiled can enter heaven (Revelations 21:27) there must be a place where these lesser sins can be cleansed.

But proof as to Purgatory is not limited to the Bible. The fathers and doctors of the Church speak repeatedly of the

practice of the first Christians of praying for the dead. Tertullian, second century, admonished "the faithful wife to pray for the soul of her deceased husband." The fourth century historian Eusebius, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ephrem, St. Ambrose and St. John Chrysostom all spoke of the efficacy of prayers for the departed souls. The latter, in fact, said such supplication was "ordained by the Apostles."

All the liturgies of the Church are replete with appeals for God's mercy upon the souls of the departed. Inscriptions on the walls of the catacombs of the first Christian era voice similar prayers. It would not be necessary to plead for those in heaven—futile to pray for those in hell. So there must be a place in between, which Catholics call Purgatory.

And for Catholics, death would be a much more frightening prospect if there were no Purgatory, for all who go there may be tried "as by fire," but all are assuredly saved. If you would like to know more about the doctrine of Purgatory, write today for free pamphlet. It will be mailed in plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. MM-14.

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today illegal and criminal because it abridges unduly the public's right to free competition.

Tomorrow (or perhaps today) we must face the danger of inflation. Our national tools to combat it are blunt and inadequate. Monetary and fiscal policies have their severe limits. In practical politics you cannot overtax enough in good times to stop inflation without creating unemployment. Something might be done by collective industrial agreements to keep prices down during an inflation, in support of declared government policy. Such an agreement by responsible businessmen and to the clear advantage of Canadian consumers is today illegal, if it is sufficiently extensive to be effective.

The second urgent reason for abandoning free competition as the sole test of our anti-combines laws is an international one. We are faced today with a new economic offensive from the Communist countries. This is a real and present danger we have been slow to recognize, although our opponents are quite open about it. Khrushchev said not long ago, "We declare war on you—excuse me for using such an expression in the peaceful field of trade. We will win over the U. S. We are relentless in this and will prove the superiority of our system."

In other times when we were faced with national danger we have mobilized our strength. At the start of both world wars, in both Canada and the United States, one of the first acts of mobilization was to suspend the rules of our anti-combines statutes. When we were really faced with a national emergency we realized that these competitive theories were a luxury we could no longer afford. Is the threat today so much less that we can go happily along our traditional peacetime road?

In thus attacking the basic theory which underlies our laws for the regulation of business, I do not for a moment suggest that we should be without rules—and even quite stringent rules—to regulate business practices. I think most businessmen accept their necessity, and if they were clear and reasonable would work loyally to make them effective. There should be rules which seek some tangible good in the Canadian economy of the mid-twentieth century, not merely a blind worship of an economic theory of the nineteenth or eighteenth century. They should deal with an essentially civil problem of economics under our little-used constitutional power to regu-

late trade and commerce, not under the inflexible rules and opprobrium of the criminal law. They should permit business and government to co-operate and collaborate (as the great majority of businessmen would like to do) in policies designed to strengthen the Canadian economy, not force us to continue the senseless and unproductive struggle between business and government that has been going on in this country for too long.

Competition has a peculiarly secure place in the unwritten Canadian bill of economic rights. It will go on vigorously and effectively within industries and between industries. But there are times when the natural instincts of competition should be curbed and should give way to higher and more urgent national objectives of co-operation in pursuit of greater strength and well-being for Canada and for individual Canadians. The attainment of free competition is an empty and impossible objective. As a criterion for our anti-trust laws it is a false test. Our objective should be instead the test of public good, whatever the forms of action may be—a stronger economy, a more efficient industry, more and more secure employment, a stronger international economic position, an adaptable realistic law to meet the complex problems that face us as a nation. ★

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In fact, Bill started his estate planning some 15 years back, when

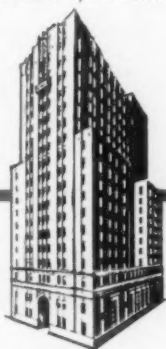
he arranged to have Canada Permanent administer his estate. They were the same people who had handled his father's affairs—and the same people with whom he's had his savings account since he was a young man himself.

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Diefenbaker — a one-man government?

Continued from page 15

"All the Tory cabinet ministers may be equal but some are a lot more equal than others"

Of course it's an overstatement to say the cabinet now has no inner circle. All Conservative ministers may be equal, but some are a lot more equal than others. The real difference is that whereas the Liberal inner circle was small, often no more than three or four men, the Conservative numbers more than a dozen. These are the senior veterans of opposition days, the men who used to meet as chairmen of the various committees, and function as a kind of shadow cabinet.

Among these Old Guardsmen there is, indeed, something approaching equality. House Leader Howard Green has a unique personal prestige, in his own party and even in the opposition too, but this is more a sign of affectionate respect than any particular authority. Certainly no one in the Diefenbaker cabinet plays the role of C. D. Howe in St. Laurent's, or of St. Laurent himself in Mackenzie King's.

Neither does anyone carry the special power that used to belong to the minister of finance. Donald Fleming is unquestionably a leading figure in the present government. He sits at the prime minister's right in the House of Commons. He is, as he has been for fourteen years, recognized as one of the party's ablest debaters—intelligent, industrious, tenacious and tough-minded. After a rather slow start he has gained the respect and even affection of senior officials in his department. But he has nothing like the authority that was exerted by Walter Harris, or Douglas Abbott, or J. L. Ilsley.

It may be an exaggeration to say the minister of finance used to have a veto power—old-timers can recall some Homeric collisions between Finance Minister Ilsley and Agriculture Minister Jimmy Gardiner in the King cabinet, and Ilsley didn't always prevail—but he was much more than one of a set of equals around the cabinet table. The usual

custom, when a minister wanted to do something that would cost money, was to take it up first with the minister of finance privately. The minister of finance would talk it over with the prime minister. (Abbott used to lunch with St. Laurent so often, and with such visible effect that it caused resentment in the cabinet; accordingly Walter Harris discontinued the practice when he succeeded Abbott, though he still retained an entrée that most other colleagues lacked.)

Fleming has not got this special status. He is not always informed ahead of time on spending proposals—sometimes he does not hear of them until they appear on the cabinet agenda for the next day. It is quite common (and, in the view of his colleagues, quite proper) for Fleming to be overruled in cabinet on a money matter. It's this fact as much as the budget deficit that has roused apprehension in the financial community.

But in practice, of course, any prime minister is (and should be) an effective "majority" in his own cabinet. He may be argued into a change of mind, he may even defer to strong views among his colleagues, and he naturally wants them all to agree as far as possible. Nevertheless, the burden of final decision rests on him. He may share it as much or as little as he likes, among the men whose judgment he most values.

Who are these men?

Gowan Guest, the young Vancouver lawyer who is the prime minister's executive assistant, has a standard answer to questions of that sort:

"We on the PM's staff have an unofficial decoration that we call the Order of the CMD—Closest Man to Diefenbaker. To win the CMD you have to do two things. First, produce two press clippings saying you are the closest man to Diefenbaker. Second, produce some evidence that you yourself planted at least one of these items."



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"Two men not in the cabinet are among the candidates for CMD — Closest Man to Diefenbaker"

But who really is the Closest Man to Diefenbaker?

"So far as we can tell, he is an entirely mythical character. He doesn't exist."

Even if he did exist he wouldn't necessarily be a cabinet minister. At least two possible candidates for CMD have never been sworn into Her Majesty's Privy Council. One is a jovial, mildly cynical Toronto press agent named Allister Grosart.

Al Grosart is the kind of man who prides himself on being an Old Pro. Now fifty-two and greying, he started as a Toronto Star reporter in the nineteen-twenties, resigned to set up his own public-relations service, one of the first in Canada, in 1932. He had no special interest in politics until he was hired, in 1948, to handle press relations for the Conservatives first in a provincial campaign and then in the 1949 federal campaign. Grosart cheerfully admits that if the Liberals had offered him the same job at that time, he would have accepted without hesitation.

He also "shudders to think" how little he knew about politics then. For George Drew's 1949 campaign he was the press liaison man and that was all. It wasn't until later that he really became a Conservative. Between 1949 and 1957, though, he took part personally in eighteen by-elections—and that, he says, is where he learned what he knows about practical politics.

What Al Grosart knows is a great deal. He has a first-class mind (he was a scholarship winner in politics and law at the University of Toronto in 1929)

and he has focused it not on policy or political philosophy but on the machinery of democracy, and the appraisal of public opinion. Grosart offers no advice on what a policy decision ought to be. He does advise, and with authority, on whether or not the voters will like it, and how they can best be persuaded to like it if they don't.

Some of his methods are simple and homespun enough. Before the recent by-election in Springfield, Man., some Conservatives were worried about the effect on Springfield voters of the freight-rate increase. Grosart went out to Springfield, spent a few days sitting around country stores and small-town pubs, posing as an ignorant stranger. He would ask:

"What's all this talk about freight rates, anyway? I can't make out what it means."

From opinions to power

He quickly discovered that the voters didn't know, either. Judging that if a man doesn't know, he doesn't care too much, Grosart sent back word to party headquarters: "Freight rates are not an issue in Springfield." The Conservatives won.

However, Grosart also uses every modern instrument of public-opinion sampling, too. He makes about twenty long-distance calls a day to trusted observers all over Canada, asking, "What's on people's minds out your way?" He also watches public-opinion polls with close attention, and broods about them. He reads everything that is printed about

opinion sampling and opinion forming. (Lately he's been reading on a similar but different subject, the psychology of power.)

Grosart's personal relation with the prime minister is mostly unofficial, but close. As national director of the Progressive Conservative Party he has, of course, a formal tie with the party's national leader, but their association goes far beyond this. Grosart is a frequent caller not only at the prime minister's office in the East Block, but also at the residence, 24 Sussex Street. He often is invited to breakfast, or to drop in for a chat during the weekend. These chats may relate to a specific item of party business, or they may range all over the lot.

Friends think that one appeal Grosart has for the prime minister is the ability to provide a rationale, a more or less scientific framework, for facts or theories of political method that Diefenbaker had already perceived intuitively. Grosart describes his feeling for Diefenbaker in simpler terms: "I love the guy."

Some people talk about Grosart as if he were a sinister hidden persuader who bewitched the voters in two campaigns by some kind of Madison Avenue magic. In fact Grosart was a helpful adviser in both election battles, but he knows that the man who won them was John George Diefenbaker and nobody else.

Where he did play a larger role at an equally critical moment, was at the Conservative leadership convention in 1956. Diefenbaker was the favored candidate but his victory was no foregone conclu-

sion. The Quebec delegation was solidly against him, sections of the Ontario and Maritime groups were doubtful. Grosart's skillful work among the doubters, his constant hammering at the theme "we can win with John Diefenbaker," was an important and perhaps a decisive factor.

It is to this he owes his status as a near and trusted counselor. Everyone defers to a prime minister or even a party leader, so the leader puts a special reliance on the happy few who stood by him when he was just a private MP—men like Gen. George Pearkes, the old friend who nominated him at the 1948 convention (the one that chose George Drew); men like Gordon Churchill and George Hees, who organized and led the Diefenbaker forces before the 1956 convention. The most noticeable of all these special positions is held by the speaker of the senate, Mark Drouin. Normally the speaker of the upper house is a man of only moderate consequence. Senator Drouin is the voice of Quebec in the ear of the prime minister. He has more influence than the four French-Canadian ministers put together.

Drouin is a handsome, vigorous, intelligent man with a fluent command of both English and French. He is a Conservative by birth—his grandfather ran against Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Quebec East at a time when it took physical courage to be a known opponent of Quebec's favorite son. (Laurier once drove the elder Drouin to a nomination meeting in his own carriage, to protect the Conservative from being stoned by the indignant populace.) Mark Drouin

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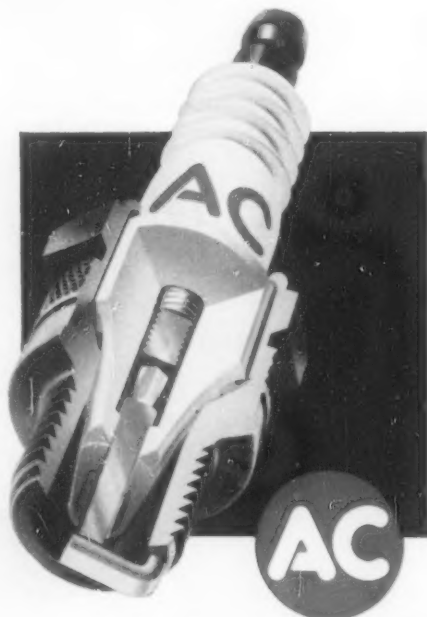
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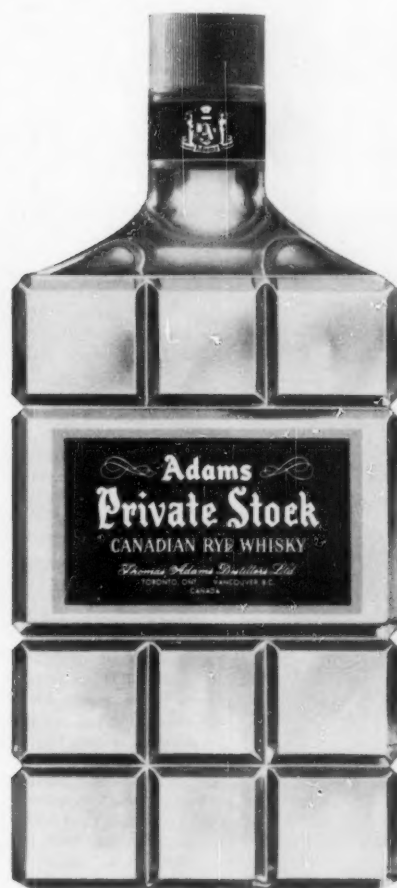
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himself ran in Quebec East against Louis
St. Laurent in 1949. He is an old sup-
porter of Premier Maurice Duplessis,
whom he backed for the Quebec Conser-
vative leadership against Camillien Houde
in 1933, but later he had a fortunate
falling-out with the party treasurer of the
Union Nationale, Gerald Martineau, so
his relations with the Duplessis party
are now suitably cool.

But these impressive qualities do not
account for Senator Drouin's rank in the
Diefenbaker entourage. He earned that
place by being the only Quebec Conserva-
tive (except Wilfrid Dufresne, an ex-
MP, whose support was a dubious asset)
to come out for Diefenbaker before the
1956 convention.

The rest of the Quebec delegation, all
tied more or less firmly to Duplessis and
the Union Nationale, were the toughest
of all die-hards in the anti-Diefenbaker
faction. They backed Donald Fleming.
But they would have backed almost any-
one to beat Diefenbaker. When he fi-
nally won anyway, Leon Balcer, now
solicitor-general, led the dramatic walk-
out of Quebec delegates under the eye
of the TV camera. Henri Courtemanche,
now secretary of state, was so implacable
that he called himself an "independent
Conservative" candidate in the 1957 elec-
tion, although there was no other Con-
servative in the race in his riding. Not
only Quebec ministers but the leading
Quebec MPs were part of that "stop
Diefenbaker" fight.

Of course their sentiments now have
changed. Especially the younger Que-
bec members identify themselves more
and more clearly as Diefenbaker men,
not Duplessis men—the outstanding ex-
ample is young Louis Fortin, who won
the seat formerly held by Quebec Lib-
eral leader Jean Lesage. Fortin's speech
seconding the address in reply to the
speech from the throne was a ringing ap-
peal for national unity and a flat repudia-
tion of Duplessis-style "autonomy." It
contained among other things the state-
ment, "Quebec is a province like any
other," which to a Duplessiste is the ulti-
mate heresy.

From such men, no doubt, a true
Conservative party in Quebec will form
itself. But, meanwhile, the senior
French Canadians among Conservative
MPs have not got the senior status they
expected after the 1958 election sent
fifty of them to Ottawa. The lack of a
"second leader" contributes to the "one-
man government" thesis.

There is a story, perhaps apocryphal,
that the prime minister once said, "I've
got all my enemies in the cabinet where
I can keep an eye on them." This re-
mark, whether or not it was ever actual-
ly made, has a lot of truth in it. Not
only Fleming, who ran against him in
1956, but several of the parliamentary
veterans who rallied around Fleming to
"stop Diefenbaker" are Diefenbaker min-
isters now. So is Sidney Smith, the man
they would have backed instead of Flem-
ing if he had been willing to run. (Davie
Fulton also ran in 1956 but he was not a
serious contender, and remained on
good terms with the Diefenbaker fac-
tion. Many regard him as the likeliest
younger man to succeed the prime min-
ister as Conservative leader.) None of
these men is an enemy now—convinced
by the event that they were wrong, they
now regard themselves as members of a
band of brothers—but they were not so
as recently as two years ago.

Over this odd combination of devoted
friends and defeated foes the prime min-
ister stands as a towering figure. Any
prime minister is the dominant man in
his cabinet; Diefenbaker is uniquely so.
"We look on him as a father," said

one colleague quite seriously. "The
father created the family, the prime min-
ister created this government. If it
hadn't been for him we wouldn't be
here, and we damned well know it."

Father welcomes advice. In fact he
invites it—one recent visitor, who had
called to see the prime minister on a
quite different matter, was astonished to
be asked, "Who do you think should be
the next governor-general?" Other call-
ers remark upon his tendency to turn
abruptly from one subject, sometimes in-
terrupting himself or his visitor, to pick
up a piece of paper from his desk, glance
at it, and say, "What do you think about
this, now?"

The prime minister's own working day
has now settled into a fairly orderly rou-
tine—orderly at least by comparison with
the hectic and splendid confusion of the
early months. He has never been a par-
ticularly tidy worker, and like almost
all of his colleagues he had no previous
experience at directing other people.
(The only exception is Sidney Smith, the
former university president, and he was
a greenhorn at politics.) It used to be
commonplace for appointments to run
into each other, ambassadors to queue
up in the anteroom, schedules to be shat-

tered by last-minute changes of plan.
Nowadays this sort of thing happens
less frequently.

Normally the prime minister gets to
work about eight o'clock. One secretary
will have been detailed for the early
duty, the rest of the staff come in about
nine. Even yet, no two days are quite
the same, but a massive and fairly con-
stant quantity of work will be got
through: mounds of correspondence,
sheafs of memoranda, conferences with
his ministers and others, a larger num-
ber of personal interviews with outsiders
than either St. Laurent or King used to
give. He always eats a home-cooked
lunch, but only sometimes goes home
for it; as often as not he has it sent to
the East Block office in a box he had
specially made. Most days he goes home
about six, often walking part of the
way. If he takes work with him as he
often does he won't stay up late to do
it, he'll get up early—five-thirty or so.

This is a program that differs only
in detail from that of other prime min-
isters, all of whom carried an enormous
load. There seems to be no doubt,
though, that more decisions and arrange-
ments are made now by the prime min-
ister personally, just as more are

My most memorable meal: No. 46

Joyce Marshall

tells about



Smoked reindeer under a midnight sun

All my life I have been fascinated
by Norway, the mountainous land
from which my grandmother came
as a little girl, so last year I de-
cided to take a long holiday and
try to find the exact farm on the
exact hillside where she was born.
Though my search proved fruit-
less—I did not find the farm or
any lost cousins or any branches
for my family tree—I returned
with the memory of one of the
strangest and most enjoyable
meals of my life.

With five Lappish and Norwe-
gian friends I set out one evening
from Karasjok, a village in Nor-
wegian Lapland, to picnic under
the midnight sun.

Our boat was the sort the Lapps
designed and use—a long, slim,
double-pointed canoe—though it
had, I was sorry to see, an out-
board motor lashed to its stern.
Lapps waved as we chugged past
—friendly gnomish figures in bril-
liantly bordered costumes, the
women in red bonnets, the men in
curious star-shaped caps. Cuckoos
called and magpies flashed, for in
June at 69 degrees north even the
birds forget to sleep.

We were hungry when we land-

ed to brew our coffee. And the
smorbrod—open-faced sandwiches
of smoked salmon, goat's-milk
cheese, tiny Norwegian shrimps
and other good things—had been
left behind. There was nothing,
in fact, to eat but some pale sheets
of what looked like corrugated
wrapping-paper—hickory-smoked
reindeer meat.

The first bite was not only diffi-
cult but disillusioning. When cold,
smoked reindeer meat combines a
truly formidable consistency with
a complete absence of taste. But
warmed over the fire until the fat
began to sizzle, it was delicious—
tender and gamy, only a little
more fibrous than beef. Dipped
Lappish style into strong salted
coffee, it became delicious.

We dipped and ate, brewed
more coffee and dipped and ate
again. I'll remember it always, the
most wonderful food I ever ate.
Even the flavor of the coffee was
greatly enhanced by the bubbles
of sweet fat.

Or was it just that improbable
sun of midnight, riding low and
intact on the horizon, shedding its
light and strangeness and its mag-
ic on everything?

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Bad lighting builds tension...



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Frown-lines come to stay when you strain at habitual tasks like this one! The pink boudoir lamps above are an actual handicap in applying make-up. They're too low to light the face, and the colour in the shades disguises natural skin tones.



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DON'T

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submitted to the judgment of cabinet as a whole and fewer undertaken by ministers alone for their own departments.

The amount of intervention from on high varies greatly from department to department. In some the prime minister intervenes frequently, in others hardly ever. It's not quite clear whether he cuts in because he wants to or because, for one reason or another, he feels he has to.

Most observers agree that the cabinet put together in 1957 was about as good as it could be in the circumstances. All sorts of factors had to be balanced—geography, seniority, the distribution of Conservative manpower, as well as individual ability. Some of the ministers, like House Leader Howard Green, have made a spectacular success of the last two years. Others have been equally spectacular failures, still others no better than adequate. A cabinet shuffle has been a trite prediction ever since the great Conservative victory of last March. It is still a trite prediction, and still a matter of pure speculation. On matters of this kind few people even pretend to be the prime minister's confidants.

Confidants in general seem to be growing fewer because there has been inevitably a certain withdrawal from the easy personal contacts of old days.

The prime minister is still as genial a host as ever, and does vastly more entertaining than either of his recent predecessors—more people have seen the inside of 24 Sussex Street in the twenty-two months of Diefenbaker's residency than in four years of St. Laurent, or than ever saw Laurier House while Mackenzie King was alive. But the two years have also, of course, brought a change.

"I've known Mr. Diefenbaker for twenty-three years," a freshman MP from Saskatchewan remarked the other day. Two years ago it would have been inconceivable that anyone who had known him twenty-three years, or twenty-three months for that matter, would call him anything but John.

He is still John to the people from his own town of Prince Albert. In private he is John to a few—not all—of his senior colleagues. But on all formal and public occasions, including cabinet meetings, he is Mr. Prime Minister (or still better just plain Prime Minister in the British fashion) to everybody.

Most of his old acquaintances adopted this style, unprompted, as soon as he took office. Those who did not were corrected, tactfully but firmly. One piece of persuasion often employed was, "You never heard anyone call Mackenzie King 'Willie,' did you?"

References to Mackenzie King are surprisingly frequent, and increasingly so since the first volume of the biography was published last year. It's evident that the old political differences are vanishing in the mists of time and that the late great Liberal leader now appears as a model to be followed.

This irritates some of the older Tories, who remember Mackenzie King as Slippery Willie and whose righteous indignation still burns. For this and kindred reasons a new note of asperity, unknown since the victory of June 1957, is creeping back into their talk about their leader.

But this is a grumpy minority. Far more typical of Conservative MPs was Albert Deburgo McPhillips, of Victoria, who wound up his speech on the address in reply by congratulating himself on having been "in some small but persistent part responsible for placing at the prime minister's desk in this chamber the greatest Canadian of all time." ★

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Mailbag

Continued from page 4

Are we self-satisfied?

Campus press freedom

Re Canadians Are Far Too Pleased With Themselves (Jan. 31): Please permit me to thank Nicholas Zvegintzov for his incisive analysis of Canadian character and culture. May I suggest that Maclean's now send Nathan Cohen to spend six months in a London basement and then commission him to inform your readers what is wrong with England.—REV. A. H. MCLACHLAN, BOLTON, ONT.

I have never (neva, that is) seen the flaws of two nations laid more frankly open than in this brilliant, searching analysis of national character. I trust the pursuit of the classics will arm him with a philosophy that will erase the bitterness of his disappointment here. Ripened, toughened to whipcord muscle and wind, and properly experienced in all essential techniques, won't he make a wonderful husband for some plump, soft, smug little Canadian girl!—MRS. EDITH DREGER, KENNEDY, SASK.

I can visualize many a red-blooded Canadian summing up the article with the now familiar phrase, "if you think along these lines, get out, we do not want you." If this country is to take its place alongside the great nations of the world we must learn to accept criticism and appreciate our shortcomings.—E. M. LEWIS, BURLINGTON, ONT.

It takes more than the ability to read, write and spell to be acclaimed "educated" not only in Canada but anywhere in the world. We only hope Oxford can pump something into him—preferably a backbone.—V. P. HOGAN, NEW DAYTON, ALTA.

Nicholas Zvegintzov came to Toronto in 1958, stayed in Toronto a few months and returns to England with an unfavorable opinion of Canadians. He reminds me of a man I met in Salt Lake City. He knew Canada. He said that he and



his wife were visiting in Detroit, crossed the river to Edmonton, then slipped down to Boston.—W. G. BRAINE, MOOSE JAW, SASK.

Are we expected to believe that he got an accurate estimate of the individual Canadian from the basement of the Royal York Hotel? Perhaps if he was wise enough to spend a reasonable amount of time in Canada he might realize his education was just starting. Even a trip to the "New Russia" where, like here, we are told the worker is honored even if he does start at the bottom, might benefit him more than going to Oxford to study the classics.—N. B. MACDONALD, HEART VALLEY, ALTA.

I am an English immigrant who has no intention of returning home. But neither have I any desire to "become Canadian" or to "adjust" as is so often urged on me. This, to me, is the most irritating symptom of the Canadian's

mistaken self-pride. I am continually assured by friendly acquaintances that in a few years I shall be just like them—I too will spend my time vegetating by a television set. They can have no idea of the claustrophobia they induce in me by these remarks.—MRS. J. COAT, LONDON, ONT.

With the money he made on the article insulting the country he can now finish his education in a place much superior and come back to show us how. I'm sure we will all be very grateful.—KAY WHITE, VICTORIA, B.C.

If Canadians have one big fault it is over-modesty. We do not need to have an anglicized Russian tell us that we are no longer pioneers, that we work less and eat more than other nations, that we suffer from too much sex and security



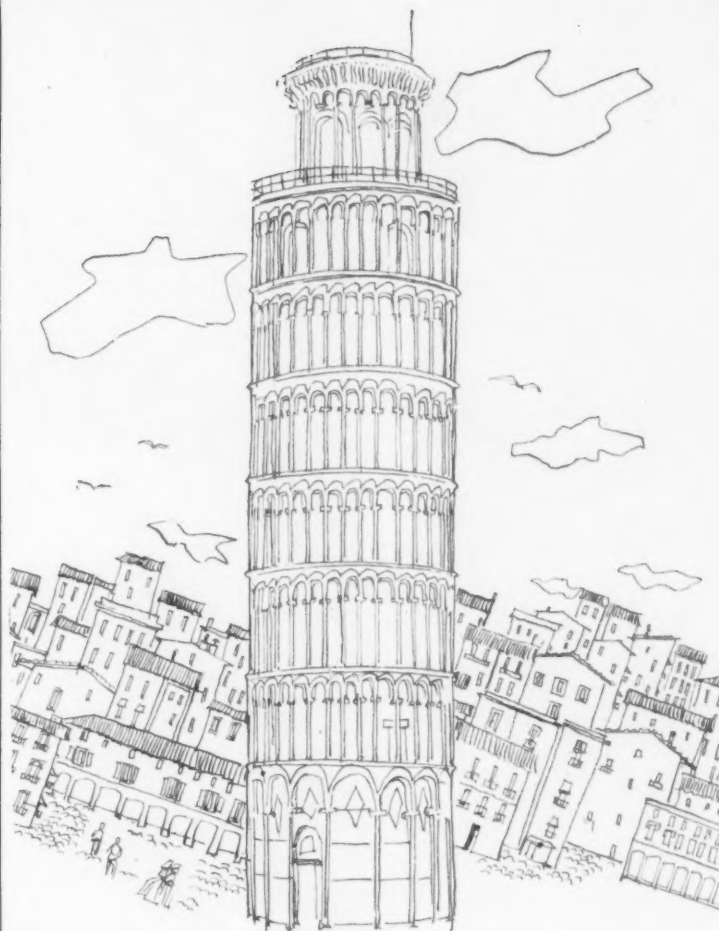
and too little culture. We know all these things and are told them repeatedly by our educators and writers.—NORMAN R. PATERSON, DON MILLS, ONT.

From a third-generation Canadian: that comment on how pleased we are with ourselves hits the nail on the head. We should heartily thank him for his frankness! I hope he will be back among us before too long and that he may find your readers at least have had a change of heart.—H. LINCOLN MACKENZIE, CARDIGAN, P.E.I.

Campus papers reply

Lest the fine piece by Peter Gzowski on the college press (Jan. 31) leave any misunderstanding about the freedom enjoyed at the University of Ottawa by the English-language Fulcrum and the French-language La Rotonde, it should be made clear that both papers enjoy complete freedom of editorial expression. Difficulties encountered by La Rotonde's former editors arose from their inability to differentiate between editorial liberty and editorialized news columns. The Fulcrum has steadily maintained that distinction.—BILL BOSS, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS, UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

In his otherwise good article on college journalism, Mr. Gzowski has misquoted the McGill Daily editorial, "The Shame of English-Canada." Maclean's rendering of one sentence of the editorial reads: "There is a complex web of tremendous wealth and power that runs this university, and few of the men in the web are to be congratulated for their political wisdom and integrity." This should read: "There is a complex web of tremendous wealth and power that runs this province, and few of the men in the web, etc. . . ." There is a significant difference between the mistake and the corrected copy; our intention in the editorial was to suggest that McGill's difficult financial condition could not be dissociated from the generally deplorable political situation in the province, since its governors were heavily committed to this province's economy. We did not, however, infer any specific criticism of the Board of Governors, whom we respect as dedicated men who labor without recompense for the good of the university.—LIONEL TIGER, MCGILL UNIVERSITY. ★



what leaning tower?

There's a little matter we want to set straight, so to speak. The Leaning Tower. Its condition has been attributed to moving in before the cement was dry, floating foundations, and keeping the coal upstairs. A Pisa Pizza pie peddler we contacted commented thusly: "Balderdash!" He claimed the owner built it that way for a reason. Seems he was a bit on the careful side. Took a dim view of lashing out large quantities of his Golden Velvet to guests. (For this we can't blame him). So, he had a lean built in so that he couldn't possibly fill his guests' glasses. Oh, the cunning of it! Having set the matter straight (observe the picture, please) we will have ourselves a noggin of Golden Velvet. If you have a leaning towards superb Canadian Whisky, you will definitely go overboard for Gilbey's Golden Velvet.





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Parade

The chilly silly season

Sign over the Saskatoon dog pound:

USED CUR LOT

It's been quite a winter. During a mid-night sleet storm in London, Ont., a dignified bank manager was seen hauling the family's even more dignified seventy-one-year-old baby sitter home on a sled, it being too slippery for her to walk. And during an unseasonable spell of the low twenties in Victoria a towering Sikh strode down Government Street with a toque surmounting his turban. In Vancouver a beturbaned Hindu without earmuffs demoralized the chilled populace by sporting a light summer suit and an ice-cream cone, while a local eccentric cavorted through ten inches of snow without shoes. But any day now little girls in Lynn Lake in northern Manitoba, moved by some sixth sense of spring, will be seen skipping enthusiastically on the still hard-crusting snow. And soon it will be all over.

Overhearing that her aunt would shortly celebrate her fiftieth birthday, a seven-year-old girl in Calgary exclaimed "Oh, goody, goody! She only has to go another fifty years and she'll get a letter from the Queen!"

There's a Toronto professor of music who is absent-minded enough to justify all the stories about absent-minded professors and proved it a while ago. Stopping for a red light at College St. and University Ave., he spied an elderly lady intent upon boarding a streetcar but confused by the traffic. Gallantly springing from his car he dashed over and gently guided her to the tram. Then he



casually climbed on after her and vanished easterly aboard the streetcar, while a traffic jam quickly piled up behind the car he'd left idling at the intersection.

It's always nice for city folks to have visitors from the farm who bring fresh produce with them. When a rural couple from Vancouver Island visited in-laws on the mainland they brought fresh milk and cream. Matter of fact they brought bossie, herself, in their farm truck, since they couldn't find anyone to milk her while they were gone.

A Montreal rummy has been putting the bite on the optometrist in the Laurentien Hotel for a quarter every week for years. The optometrist's secretary thinks he's being put upon and won't hand over the quarter herself, and if her boss is busy tells the fellow to come back



tomorrow. The other week after being turned away three times he lost patience and yelled, "What do I have to do to see him for my lousy quarter—phone for an appointment?"

Out in Winnipeg where the West begins, look what turned up in the Free Press help-wanted column:

"Bachelor in apartment requires upon occasion bartender-chef who can produce dry martinis, roast guinea hen and baked Alaska with equal grace. Please reply in handwriting, stating experience and remuneration expected..."

An Edmonton driver felt pretty foolish recently when he scraped the side of another car in traffic. He felt even worse when he discovered his victim was a police cruiser. Felt worse still when he realized it was the same cruiser that had stopped him for a safety check a block earlier... and the collision had come about because he was trying to read the vehicle inspection tag the cop had given him.

Saint John, N.B., has a restaurant that's done up just as modern as they come, and there two local men were having a cup of coffee when a mutual acquaintance walked in. One of the coffee drinkers was about to invite him to join them when the other, apparently disliking the newcomer, tapped his friend warningly on the shin with his foot under the table. Simultaneously the new arrival ended his greeting with a mumbled excuse and veered off; and the moral is that people who sit at glass-topped tables shouldn't toe shins.

PARADE PAYS \$5 TO \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MARCH 14, 1959



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